

The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

VOL. II. NO. 1

JULY 30 99 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

"HOME RULE IS DEAD."

The Opinion of Two Liberal Members of Parliament.

WILL FENIANISM INCREASE?

By M. W. Kirwan, Formerly Chief Secretary Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain.

"Home Rule is dead and Fenianism is reviving." Such is the news from England and so history is repeating itself and the platform of the agitator is once more to be converted into a chamber for the conspirator. "Home Rule is dead," said two Scottish Liberal M. P's., Messrs. McEwen and Wallace at Edinburgh the other day, and "Fenianism is reviving" say the English detectives, and so it goes with unhappy Ireland, her prospects alternating between Hope and Despair, now one side and now the other, like the pendulum of a clock. "Ireland must be satisfied with local government for Home Rule was dead and it would be impossible to carry the country with that measure as the first, or even as one of the principle issues contended for by the Liberal party," said Mr. McEwen M. P., and the people, the Liberal allies of the Irish Home Rule M. P's. "vociferously cheered" the startling statement. And then we read that Mr. Wallace M. P., followed Mr. McEwen in the same vein and the views he expressed as to the hopelessness of again committing the country to absolute Home Rule for Ireland with a parliamentary attachment were "loudly applauded" and so two Liberal M. P's., friends of Lord Rosebery, influential and wealthy men, have cast Home Rule to the wolves and their constituents in public meeting assembled have said: "It is well." And so it goes conspiracy and agitation: '98 and the Union; Emmet's *emute* and Catholic Emancipation: the men of '48 and the agitation for Tenant Right; then Fenianism and Home Rule, one after the other, the pen and the sword following each other in the effort to secure National right during a century of woe. When Ireland determines to take the platform of constitutionalism her people are called "a nation of agitators;" when, driven to despair, she foolishly seeks to remedy her wrongs by "the logic of a pike head" then her people are dragooned into submission and so, decade after decade, she continues like Ixion at the wheel, to measure the eternal circle of her woes. With Ireland, as with every nation under the sun that is badly treated, discontent flows from injustice as surely as heat from fire, and the abandonment of Home Rule by the Liberal party would be a violation of a contract, a wrong-doing, an injustice which could not but encourage the friends of conspirators and discourage the men who succeeded in substituting the demand of "a fair field and no favor" for the methods of the political burglar and the dynamite bomb. But yet England has not been taught to understand Ireland. She does not appear to know that a nation is a moral essence and its feelings are facts. She does not understand that the sense of national pride, the inherited tenderness of generations, the recollections of former grievances, the fame which Irishmen wish to enhance, and the independence they wish to guard, are as much realities as national wealth or national power. We had hoped that that New Liberal England which has been created by the genius of Gladstone, might understand

all this but it appears that we are doomed to disappointment for two friends of the Premier's have declared that "Home Rule was dead," and, worse than all, it is said that when the National Liberal Federation meet in a short time from now the statement of the two M. P's. will be sustained.

Well, we are not surprised. It is nothing more than we expected. Since the defeat of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords it was a foregone conclusion that the dye was cast. But we had good reason for believing that Home Rule was thought to be "dead" long before that. We know in fact, that many of the so-called English Home Rule M. P's. did not believe in Home Rule at all. They appeared to accept it because by doing so they secured their seats in Parliament and Home Rule was then the policy of the party, but they had mental reservations. They knew that the Home Rule Bill would be defeated in the House of Lords and they looked on the vote of the House of Commons on the question as mere formality. You ask: How do you know this, and we answer: Because we have had personal experience of what we are writing about. We "stumped" England for the Liberal party during the last general election. We there came into personal contact with many of the Liberal candidates for Parliament. We heard them express their opinions when off the platform as well as on it. We heard their private views and in too many cases we know that they looked on Home Rule as "going too far." We could mention half a dozen so-called English Liberal Home Rule M. P's. who to our personal knowledge were insincere. Some of this half dozen only accepted Home Rule under pressure; more took the pledge because otherwise they could not get the support of the party; in fact they were forced to be Home Rulers or cease to be Liberals and they choose what they considered the least of two evils. But if Home Rule for Ireland depended on their vote in the House of Commons, we do not believe, judging from their conversation, that they would have voted for it. Of course if the by-elections had strengthened the Liberal ranks those half-hearted ones might have taken courage but by elections have gone against the Government and the result is that there has been a general and a cowardly weakening along too much of the line. And these facts were well known to the Irish Home Rule M. P's. They knew that some of the so-called English Home Rulers were not to be trusted. They must have expected that the doubtful ones rejoiced when the lords by that overwhelming majority thought they left "Home Rule as dead as Queen Ann," according to the current phrase of the time. And subsequent experience has proved that that vote in the House of Lords expressed the secret wish of the English people much more accurately than the vote in the House of Commons. There cannot be a reasonable doubt about it. In fact, the English people are against Home Rule, and so long as they are, Home Rule will be a long struggle and uphill all the way. Wonders have been accomplished; much good has been done. Englishmen have been instructed on the Irish question and the story of Irish wrongs is now a familiar one in every English home. Not a majority, indeed, but a great many Englishmen now understand the fact, written in blood over the chronicles of twenty generations, that Ireland will never be contented until she is ruled by Irishmen as uniformly as England is by Englishmen.

Until then, what is to be done in view of this new situation? Why "agitate," "agitate," as the Marquis of Anglesea once said to O'Connell.

Home Rule is not dead. The men who say so do not understand the strength of the national sentiment in Ireland. That sentiment is an anvil that will never wear out many hammers. The history of the Irish people proves this. All their heroes are men who have fought for her; all their poetry is filled with legends of their struggles; and the national sentiment of Ireland can only be extinguished by extinguishing the people. Irishmen will keep the old cause going. They will agitate in some form or another. "The mild and long suffering," said Sydney Smith, "may suffer forever in this world. If the Catholics of Ireland had stood with their hands before them, simpering at the government of the day, they would not have been emancipated until the year of our Lord four thousand. As long as the patient suffer the cruel will kick. If the Irish go on withholding and forbearing, and hesitating whether this is the time for discussion or that is the time, they will be laughed at for another century as fools, and kicked for another century as clowns." No, Home Rule is not dead. Ireland has survived four insurrections since the union—one in 1803, one in 1833 one in 1848 and one in 1867; and while each insurrection was followed by the prison pen and the gallows drop, yet Home Rule lived through them all. In ninety-four years there has been eighty-seven coercion acts under which public liberty ceased to exist, and thousands of men, and even women, had been imprisoned, either with or without trial at all, or after trial by picked juries, and Home Rule does not, will not, die at the command of star chamber inquiries or castle tyranny. From 1847 to 1885 Irish shipping had decreased 5 per cent, while English, Scottish and Welsh shipping had increased 120, 247 and 228 per cent, respectively, and while in 1829 there were 12,611 fishing boats with crews numbering 63,421 then, there were only 5,785 boats, with crews numbering only 21,825 in 1885 and yet the spirit of the nation was unsubdued and Home Rule did not die. The decrease of population from 8,196,597 in 1841 to 4,750,000 today did not kill Home Rule, nor did the national exodus which drove 4,360,000 Irish people from their native land subdue their determination to struggle for national autonomy to the end. If Home Rule could be killed by English laws, then surely the eviction of 3,780,000 persons in fifty years should have done the work; but it has failed—lamentably failed—and Home Rule lives through it all. Famine claimed 1,200,000 of the Irish people in Ireland, and pauperism has increased, but all, all have failed to distract the sentiment of the Irish people from the principle of self-government for their entire land. England has crushed the energy, wasted the strength, attempted to destroy the spirit, neglected the interests and controverted the sentiment of the Irish people, and yet Home Rule is as much a passion at this hour as it ever was at any period of Irish history. It lives, and, judging by the past, we believe it will live forever. John Morely once said: "We mean business on this Irish question." Lord Rosebery and Lord Spencer made similar remarks lately; other members of the government committed themselves in the same way, and if they do not keep their promise, then we would say to our brethren in Ireland: Go on with the good work; keep the old flag flying; treat the liberals as your deadliest political enemies, and so far as our humble means allow, we will, within the limits of the constitution under which we live, at all times be willing to lend a helping hand.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Sixth Article of Monsignor Capel's Series.

DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH.

Natural Power of Reason Could not have been Made Known the Body of Truth.

PART III.

For the claimed "Apostolic lineage," there must be not only divine authority and valid orders, but also the doctrine taught now must be identical with, and be a continuation of that proclaimed by the Apostles.

1. Those who hold the Branch Theory will admit that the Divine Teacher made known a body of truth, "the faith once delivered to the saints," the Gospel, the Christian Revelation. They will further admit that this body of truth could not have been obtained by the natural power of reason. All of such truth can be apprehended but not comprehended. What was said by the inspired St. Peter of St. Paul's inspired epistles, can be equally said of Gospel Revelation, "in which are some things hard to understand, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own perdition." The Church to be Apostolic must possess this very deposit of faith without addition or subtraction. Passage after passage of the Scripture evidence this, one is sufficient for our purpose. "Who hath bewitched you O senseless Galatians," writes St. Paul, that you should not obey the Truth? . . . though we or an angel from heaven preach a Gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema."

2. This Revelation the Apostles learnt from the life of the Divine Master. To secure and preserve this deposit of truth to them He at the Last Supper announced: "The Paraclete the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." A second time on the same occasion Jesus repeats: "I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now, but when He, the spirit of Truth is come, He will teach you all truth." Thus was this blessed gift offered to mankind, placed with the Apostles and secured by the divine power and presence of the Holy Ghost.

3. This heavenly message, though so far beyond the power of the most cultivated understanding, is to be received in its entirety by all—children and adults, learned and ignorant. Plainly for the receiving of such supernatural message it is essential that the Messenger cannot deceive nor be deceived in delivering it. Belief in the Messenger is of the very essence of faith. Nicodemus makes his enquiry on that very supposition: "We know," says he, "Thou art come a Teacher from God: for no man can do these miracles which Thou doest, unless God was with him." The generous outburst of Peter's faith is "We have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Great as was the mystery of the Eucharist, surpassing the ken of human understanding as it does, it was accepted by St. Peter because of the belief in the Divine Teacher.

To fit the Apostles to be divine messengers of this divine Gospel, Jesus promises them divine assistance for their work: "When the Paraclete cometh, whom I will send you from the Father, the Spirit

of Truth who proceedeth from the Father, He shall give testimony of Me, and you shall give testimony also, because you are with Me from the beginning." Like all other men, the Apostles had to work out their salvation in fear and trembling. But when ever teaching officially, on account of the imparted influence of the Spirit of God their teaching would ever be sound and true.

On the day of Pentecost after the Sermon of St. Peter three thousand souls about were added to the Church. It is perfectly plain these could not have been fully instructed in all the doctrines of Christian Revelation. They believed in the Apostles as divine and therefore unerring messengers; they believed not only the word they heard, but they in docility would believe whatever they might hear from the Apostles. Again when controversy arose, the decision was couched in terms that left no possibility of doubt about the inerrancy of the judges: "It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us," is the preamble to the Apostolic decree concerning circumcision. In other words, "these early Christians began by believing in the Apostles with a full and firm faith, and then gradually acquired through this belief in the Apostles a full knowledge of Christian doctrine." They relied on the teaching and preaching of living Apostles whether in tradition or in writing.

4. This divine assistance was to be perpetuated in the Church to preserve one and the same gospel, as well as to give absolute unflinching certainty to the belief of its members. Our Lord's promise is that He the Spirit of Truth shall abide with you forever. There can be no Apostolicity where this double action of the Holy Spirit is not found.

In our previous article we have seen that the Church of England was fashioned into a National State Church by the Tudors, that she willingly accepts her jurisdiction from the Sovereign of England, that she denies the sacrifice according to the order of Melchisedec and with it a sacrificing priesthood. In her Thirty-nine Articles she rejects five of the Sacraments of the Gospel, the invocation of saints and the doctrine of purgatory. In the "Black Rubric" at the end of the Communion Service in her Book of Common prayer the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist is formerly denied. In her Second Book of Homilies she declares that "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned—all ages, sects and degrees—have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, and that for the space of eight hundred years and more." And the Crown of England in Council is the final judge of the doctrines and practices of the Church of England. Within her fold are to be found High, Low and Broad Church parties holding the most contradictory doctrines.

Plainly in all this there is not a shred of Apostolic lineage. A river cannot rise higher than its source; and what is said of the absence of Apostolicity in the English Establishment has to be predicted of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

T. J. CAPEL.

The Lyons society for the propagation of the faith has informed the Pope that it will present him an annual subsidy of 500,000 francs to found colleges and schools in the east with a view to uniting the eastern and western churches. The Pope it is also said will ask the Episcopalians in Austria, Germany and the United States for subsidies for the same object.

A fresh supply of Maps of Ireland arrived this morning and will be at once forwarded to subscribers who have ordered them.

A NON-CATHOLIC SPEAKS.

Arthur F. Leach on School Supply in the Middle Ages.

During the past fifty years history has been revolutionized. Original documents of every kind have been reproduced. State papers, foreign and domestic correspondence of Popes, of Sovereigns, of diplomats, and of lesser personages, have been brought from the recesses of archives and given to the public. Scholars and writers no longer hampered by penal restrictions, have fearlessly applied scientific methods to unfold and portray the past. One immediate result has been to prove a conspiracy of history against the Roman Catholic Church, doubtless to justify the revolt against her authority in the fifteenth century.

The Dark Ages have been a favorite period cited to prove that the Church nurtured ignorance, superstition, oppression and general misery. Dr. Maitland, Hallam and Dom Gasquet dissipated much of this fabulous accusation. Now comes a non-Catholic, Mr. Arthur F. Leach, in the November Contemporary Review with an article on "School Supply in the Middle Ages," that will be a revelation to our opponents, and a valuable paper to be carefully husbanded by our own people. Heretofore all were compelled to admit the stubborn fact that the great Universities of Europe were founded and endowed by the munificence of our Catholic forefathers, but few knew of the elementary and intermediate schools. Mr. Leach's paper destroys another of the non-Catholic misrepresentations. He establishes by chapter and verse that in the middle ages England was better supplied with high or grammar schools as they were called than she is in our own day, and that there was ample provision for elementary education.

"There is not the smallest doubt," says this writer, "that the provision for secondary education was far greater in proportion to population during the middle ages than it has ever been since. Education was, if not a first charge on the endowments of the Church, at all events a well recognized part of the duties for the performance of which the endowments were given. During the whole time, from the introduction of Christianity to the Reformation, education was an ecclesiastical concern. It was conducted by the clergy and was a matter of cognizance in the ecclesiastical courts. From the university to the village school every educational institution was an ecclesiastical one, and those who governed it, managed it and taught in it were ecclesiastics. Every village parson was or ought to have been an elementary schoolmaster; every collegiate church kept a secondary school and every cathedral church maintained in early days a small university, and to the last afforded instruction in what was regarded as the highest faculty, theology. The result was that as the Church was ubiquitous, so education was in some form ubiquitous, if not universal. As a consequence, secondary schools were found in almost every place in which they were required. Though the middle ages extend over some 800 years, and there was probably as much difference between the age which saw the foundation of the Cathedral School of York in, say, 730, and that which witnessed the opening of Winchester College in 1393, as there is between the age of William of Wykeham and our own, yet it is within the truth to say that there were throughout the period more secondary schools in proportion to the population than there have been ever since. Even when progress was overwhelmed by such devastating showing.

Continued on fourth page.

NAME YOUR CHOICE.

Magnificent Ostensorium to be
Given Away.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO DECIDE

An Offer in Which Every Reader of
this Paper will be Interested,
Likewise His Neighbors.

The generous appreciation shown by the Catholics of California of our efforts to give them a first-class weekly paper during the past six months, has determined us to signalize the coming year with a series of offers, which may in a slight manner recompense them for the interest they have taken in the success of the paper, and increase, if possible, their interest in its well re in the future.

Many of the churches in various parts of the State would like to have appropriate articles for use in the various services of the Church, but on account of the high price usually charged for articles of this kind, are prevented from having as elaborate a service as they would wish. The demands upon the purses of the parishioners are many and heavy, but among the necessities of a Catholic house is a Catholic newspaper. The CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, while cheap in price, is essentially up to date in all other particulars. Its news service cannot be equalled, its editorials treat upon all the questions of the day, and its selections of general reading matter are always interesting. In fact, it is a thorough and complete newspaper.

The price—less than 3 cents a number—places it within the reach of all. In shape and size it is also popular, so that it possesses all the requisites necessary for it to be a popular paper. Nearly all the clergy, both secular and regular, speak a word of praise for it, so that with these elements in its favor, combined with liberality in its management, its future success is assured.

Returning to the subject of articles for church use, our first offer is to present a

HANDSOME OSTENSORIUM

to the church or chapel which shall be designated by our subscribers. In this and subsequent issues a blank will be printed on which each subscriber will be entitled to designate his choice, and for those who wish to increase their efforts by securing new subscribers, extra special blanks will be provided on which will be recorded their choice, as follows:

For one year's subscription	\$1.75	60 points.
For six months "	.75	30 points.
For four months "	.50	20 points.
For two months "	.25	10 points.

As these names are received the points will be credited, and the tickets deposited in a sealed box, out of which they will be taken in the presence of a committee, when the date of receiving the last subscriber under the offer shall be announced.

It may be surmised that under this plan, in consequence of the disparity in number of parishioners, or members of different churches, those having the greatest number will secure the ostensorium. In order to overcome this difference in membership the proportional plan will be followed. A careful estimate of the average number in each Catholic body working to secure the ostensorium will be made, and the one securing the largest proportion of the points received will, under the terms of this offer, be entitled to the award.

It would hardly be fair to pursue any other course, for in many country parishes every one might designate their own church, and yet not number over fifty, while in a parish with five or six hundred members, only one hundred might express their preference. Justice would, therefore, demand that the smaller place should receive the award. While the term parish or church is used principally throughout this article, any society or sodality, having a chapel devoted to their use entitled to the same privileges as a church.

For the benefit of our readers we have placed the Ostensorium on exhibition in the window of A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street. For those who may not be able to see the beautiful present, awaiting an owner, the following description is appended:

The Ostensorium stands 26 inches high and is of most elaborate work-

manship; rich chasing, mounted with jewels, including a row of brilliants around Luna.

MY CHOICE FOR
The Handsome Ostensorium

is Church
at
Mail or bring to the CALIFORNIA
CATHOLIC,
Room 10 Montgomery Block,
San Francisco. [No. 1.]

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from
all Sections.

His Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, the doyen of the Sacred College, was born in 1827, and was created and proclaimed Cardinal in 1868. He has the right of consecrating a new Pope.

Religion enters largely into politics in Canada. The late Premier, Sir John Thompson, was a Catholic, and the Premier protege, McKenzie Bowell, is an Orangeman, and was at one time Grand Master of the organization.

The Archbishops of Cincinnati, together with the Bishops of Grand Rapids, Sioux Falls, Omaha, Kansas, Wichita, Alton and Vincennes, gave their hearty approval to the proposed formation of a Western Catholic Summer School. Later we hope the Pacific Slope will have a like institution.

The only lineal decedent of John Knox is a member of the congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame. Brother Phillip was a Methodist preacher in his early manhood, but for thirty years past he has been a teacher in various Catholic schools. He has in his possession a snuff box which belonged to his ancestor.

Save the cancelled postage stamps and help to propagate the faith. Any reader of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC can help the heathen and save souls by sending old postage stamps to the "Association of Mary Immaculate, Paris, France." Thousand do it and why not Californians as well as others. Try it.

A leaf of the Bible in Visigothic characters of the ninth century has been discovered in the archives of the Haute Garonne in Toulouse. After a profound study of the text, which corresponds with chapters xx. and xxi. of Ecclesiastes, it is believed to be an ancient Latin version, hitherto unknown, the first and only one signalized in Europe after the Vulgate, and which the evidence of probability leads to be attributed to St. Jerome. The Abbé Douais, professor of history at the Catholic Institute of Toulouse, will shortly publish an appreciation of this precious document.

An extraordinary incident took place the other day at Jemmapes, France. A fire broke out on the premises of a Madame Ouichietti, Rue de Centre. At the moment when the flames were raging furiously Mgr. Laferriere, Bishop of Constantine, in spite of all endeavors rushed into the building to see if any one was forgotten there. Finding that the rooms were empty, he coolly began the work of salvage by throwing articles of value into the street. Finally his Lordship was seen issuing with a heavy burden of domestic objects on his shoulders. Needless to say the popular enthusiasm was unbounded, but the Bishop soon put an end to the ovation by promptly falling into line and taking a hand at the pumps.

The town of Gers, France, is in a state of intense excitement. The Bishop has put all the churches and chapels under an interdict, and as a consequence, they were closed on All Saints' and all Souls' Day. The responsibility for this severe measure appears to rest on the shoulders of the Mayor, who is a free-thinker of the aggressive and ferocious type. This precious functionary took it into his head to remove the statues outside the principal church, and the great cross in front, where these sacred objects had remained for centuries. It is one of the penalties the Church in France has to pay for her connivance with the State that she is at the mercy of any ignorant booby wearing the tri-color sash around his waist.

It cannot have been forgotten that upon the death of President Carnot, two young French officers, who at Berlin were condemned to be confined for ten years in a fortress, having been convicted as French spies, were by the

German Emperor released. This act of magnanimity had a great effect upon the French nation. It turns out that the first person to suggest this clemency to the Emperor was a German Jesuit of the name of Nix, himself an exile under the Kulturkampf law of Prince Bismark, domiciled at Paris. The Emperor promptly answered him in a manner to give hope of a successful issue. Touching, observes La Verite, is this step to obtain the liberty of others by one who has himself been an exile from his native land for more than twenty years, and who even now sees no chance of an early return.

The Pope at noon of December 26th in the throne room of the Vatican, received the officers of the United States cruiser, Detroit, which recently arrived at Naples with the Vatican relics exhibited at the World's Fair. The American officers were presented by Mgr. O'Connell, who expressed in their name and in the name of President Cleveland, thanks for papal participation in the Chicago Exposition. His Holiness replied in terms of great affection and praised the progress, activity and liberty of the United States. The audience lasted half an hour, and at its conclusion, all the officers went to Cardinal Rampolla, Papal officer of State, and presented their compliments. Later the officers dined at the American College. The hall was decorated with the stars and stripes. Among those present were United States Ambassador Wayne MacVeagh, H. P. Whitehouse, Secretary of the Legation; United States Naval attaches, General Hardy and Rev. Dr. Riordan.

About three years ago a large wooden cross was erected on the spot where Archbishop Seghers was killed in Alaska. Concerning it Father William H. Judge, S. J., now stationed at the mission of Nulato, forty miles below where it was planted, has a weird incident to relate. He reports that the last winter was uncommonly severe and protracted on the Yukon River, that the spring thaw began only about the middle of May, and that on the 27th of that month the ice began to go out. The next day, while the whole river was one mass of broken ice forcing its way towards the ocean, the cross came down on a floe in the middle of the mighty stream, standing perfectly erect and facing the bank. "It was a fine sight," so he writes, "to see it moving along in the bright sunlight amidst the roaring of that immense body of ice and water. We tolled the bell while it was passing." What became of the cross the missionary cannot tell. Whether it was cast on shore or carried out to sea only the angels and the spirit of the murdered bishop know.

Interesting Irish Statistics.

The marriage rate in Ireland for the year 1893 was, we learn from a bulky blue book just issued from the Registrar-General's Office, slightly above the average for the preceding ten years; the birth rate showed a small decline; and the death rate was also under the average. The estimated population of the country in the middle of the year was 4,615,312. There would appear to have been a decrease of 24,866 in the population during the year, the loss by emigration amounting to 48,187, while the natural excess of births over deaths was 23,261. In the detailed analysis of the marriage statistics we find some interesting facts. Of the 21,714 marriages registered during the year 1893, 15,092 were between Catholics; 3,546 were celebrated according to the rights and ceremonies of the Established Church; 2,295 were in Presbyterian meeting houses; 385 in "registered buildings" belonging to various religious denominations; only 375 by civil contract in the Registrars' offices; 11 were according to the usages of the Society of Friends, and 10 according to the Jewish Rites.

Of 21,714 men married during the year, 398, or 1.83 per cent. were minors; and of the women married, 1,783, or 8.21 per cent. were under age. These proportions are considerably below the average for the preceding ten years. The death rate was, as we have said, slightly under the average for the preceding decade. Leinster heads the provinces and Dublin the cities in the matter of death rates in the 1,000. Antrim comes next with 22.8; Waterford was 20.5 and Carlow 20.2. In the interesting table of "causes of death" pulmonary consumption continues to hold an unpleasant pre-eminence. Out of a total number of deaths registered, 82,821, no fewer than 9,869 are assigned as due to this disease.

A good resolution for the New Year is to subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

AT CANDLE LIGHTING.

I think it better to believe,
And even as the children—
The children of the early day—
Who let the kindly dreams deceive
And joyed in all the many weaves
Of dear conceits—better, I say,
To let wild fancy have her way,
To trust her, than to know and grieve.
A poet of old Colophon
A notion held I think was right,
No matter how or whence he got it—
The stars are snuffed out every dawn
And newly lighted every night.
I hope to catch the angels at it.
—John Vance Cheney in Century.

PARDONED.

It was long past midnight, but the governor still sat alone in his library, hard at work on his forthcoming message.

Absolute quiet reigned in the mansion, and not a light was to be seen in any of the neighboring houses.

The governor's wife was visiting friends in the country, and the servants were all asleep in their quarters in a separate building.

The governor's pen moved rapidly over sheet after sheet of paper. Finally the writer paused and for a moment was absorbed in profound thought.

Then he rose and slowly paced the room, occasionally stopping, apparently to listen to some real or imaginary noise in another part of the house.

He felt that his work had overtaken him, and a nervous feeling came over him, due partly to physical exhaustion and partly to his sense of utter loneliness.

"I wish that I had told John to sit up," he said to himself, "but he is like all the other servants, too sleepy headed to be of any use."

He resumed his chair and took up his pen.

What was that in the hall? Was it a footstep?

Nearer and nearer came the stealthy, shuffling steps.

The governor could no longer doubt the testimony of his own ears, but a strange numbness seized him, and he felt unable to rise from his chair.

In another moment it was too late. The door opened softly, and a man walked in—a big, stout fellow, roughly clad, with hard, wicked face and bold, daring eyes.

The intruder quietly locked the door and took a chair on the side of the table opposite the governor.

"Keep your seat, governor," he said, with a peculiar leer. "My business won't take long. Ten minutes will be enough."

"Who are you," gasped the governor, "and how did you get in?"

"Red Rube is what they call me," was the reply, "and I walked in at the back door. I knocked your nigger down and gagged him and took the key away two hours ago, when he left the house, and then I waited until everything was quiet. Any more questions?"

The governor's face turned pale. Red Rube was one of the worst desperadoes that have been sent to the penitentiary in many years, and his midnight visit certainly meant robbery and perhaps murder.

"So you have escaped from prison," said the governor.

"Yes; I skipped out last night. Then I came to town, called on a friend and got some clothes and these."

As he said this he exhibited a large bowie knife and a pistol.

"You see, I am well fixed, and I mean business," laughed the ruffian.

"But what do you want, and why are you here?" asked the other.

"Well, governor, to make a long story short, I want you to write me a pardon and let me have enough money to pay my way out west."

It was an outrageous request. Should the ruler of a great state allow himself to be bullied into pardoning a murderer and supplying him with funds?

And yet what was to be done? It was impossible to raise an alarm that would be heard. If the intruder's demand was refused, the governor would be a dead man, and the convict would rob his person and make his escape.

The heroic thing would be to resist to the end, but the governor thought of his young wife, and he felt that he must save his life at any cost. It was out of the question for an unarmed man in delicate health to struggle with a giant like Red Rube, who could finish him with his knife in a second.

"I won't be hard on you," said Red Rube, "but I must have the pardon, and I must have at least \$100."

"I will summon help," said the governor.

"Excuse me, but you can't," replied Red Rube. "The servants and the neighbors can't hear you, and if you raise your voice or try to ring a bell, why, I'll have to use this," and he pointed to his knife.

The helpless man on the other side of the table could not repress a slight shudder, but he made an effort to appear calm.

"You are drunk or crazy," he said sternly, "but I will give you one chance. Leave the house, and I will say nothing about your visit."

Red Rube laughed heartily. "You don't size up the situation," he said. "I have got to make this deal or go back to prison, and I will die before I will go back. Now, if I kill you and they capture me, they will not hang me."

"I would like to know why," said the astonished governor.

"Because they have sent me to the insane ward," was the answer, "and they were getting ready to put me in the asylum. I am no longer a criminal, but a howling lunatic, don't you see? Well, if they try me for killing you, all they will do will be to send me to the insane asylum."

The governor sank back in his chair, and Rube grinned.

"You see," said Rube, "I was once acquitted of a murder in Texas on the ground of insanity and was locked up a year in an asylum, but I got out, and

here I am. I can prove that insanity runs in my family. My father and two of my brothers have been crazy for years. When I am disappointed in anything, my fit comes on, and I try to kill everything in sight."

He looked like a madman, with his glaring eyes and unkempt hair.

"There is no glory in being killed by a lunatic," thought the governor.

But he tried one more appeal. "I am sorry for you," he said, "if your mind is disordered. Here is a \$10 bill. Take it and go. Follow the country roads and get out of the state and try to lead a better life."

"Thanks!" sneered the robber. Then, firmly grasping his knife, he walked to the governor's chair.

"Time flies," he growled. "Fix that pardon, and fix it d—d quick, and hand me that \$100!"

His look was that of a wild beast, and a white froth stood on his lips.

The man in the chair looked up into the pitiless face above him. Red Rube came closer with his big knife.

"Yes or no—say it quick!" he muttered.

"All right," was the hasty reply. "Here's the money, and now I'll fix the pardon."

He opened a drawer in his desk and took out a printed form partially filled out.

"I was going to visit the penitentiary tomorrow," he explained, "and I had several pardons filled out by my secretary, with the great seal affixed, and all that I have to do is to put in your name and sign my own."

In a moment the blanks were filled, and Red Rube had the precious document in his pocket.

"Much obliged, governor," said he, with a smile, "but you won't play any tricks, will you?"

"Not if I can help it," was the answer. "I don't want you caught. I am the last man in the world to make this business public."

"I thought so," replied Rube. "That suits me. If you offer no reward, I can get away, and if they ever find out who I am when I get out west this pardon will protect me. Walk to the door with me, governor."

The other followed without a word to the back door of the hall.

"Goodby, old man," whispered Rube. "No tricks, you know."

"I shall say nothing and offer no reward," said the master of the mansion. Red Rube disappeared in the darkness, softly chuckling as he went.

"Pardoned by the governor!" he kept repeating to himself.

The governor locked the door and returned to the library. All night long he walked the floor, and it was not until morning that he sought his bed after a short talk with the servant who had given up the key.

Fortunately for him, Red Rube was never heard of again. If he had been captured, the developments might have been very sensational.—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

Threats of Science.

Wonderful things are going to be done by the development of synthetic chemistry between now and the year 2000 if Professor Berthelot, the French savant, is to be believed. The food and drink producing animals and vegetables will not then be encouraged to exist for human life, but food and drink will be manufactured direct and to order by man himself and served in highly concentrated tablets, vest pocket size.

A person may then carry about him two or three table d'hote dinners complete, from Blue Point oysters or Little Neck clams to crackers, cheese and coffee, tobacco and with all his wine and cognac included. This change will be brought about, it is said, by the remarkable progress being made in compounding food and drink from their constituent elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. It has advanced so far already that the preparation of beefsteak from its elements is assured, and nicotine, the essential principle of tobacco, has been produced from coal tar.

Life indeed would not be worth the living should the professor have his way. The ready made tablets of food and drink would be horribly alike to the eye, the taste and the understanding; eating and drinking would be purely mechanical; good fellowship and wit and imagination would depart, and existence would be utterly material and dull.—Boston Globe.

English Evening Papers.

The education of the public is supposed to be advancing, but that view of affairs is evidently not taken by the editors, judging from the kind of matter which they set before their readers, which gets scripper day by day—or evening by evening.

The so called "news" nowadays runs somewhat as follows:

Coal is black.
Herrings lay more eggs than fowls do.
The emperor of Japan has got a false tooth.

Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen.

It is stated that Lord Rosebery, who is the prime minister, owns a race horse.

It is a curious coincidence that yesterday was wet and that the battle of Waterloo was fought on June 18, 1815.

We learn on good authority that Alexander the Great was not the originator of the electric light. It was Xerxes of Persia, who, however, did not take out a patent for it.

And so on, and so on.—London Judy.

An Abused Girl.

"Yes, I gave him up," sighed the young woman.

"Did he prove unworthy of your affection?" inquired her sympathetic friend.

"He—he became a spelling reformer," rejoined the other, with a shudder, "and signed his name 'Jori.' It took all the poetry and romance out of the game. So we parted."—London Globe.

A
GRAND
OpportunityTO MAKE
MONEY

\$5 to \$50

FOR
LITTLE
LABOR

The field is open, and the first to
enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women,
can devote an hour or two a day to
the work, which is light, easy, and
profitable.

This is
The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the
CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect
\$1.50 from each one, send \$5 to the
office, and retain \$2.50 for your com-
mission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send
\$10 to the office, and retain \$5 for
your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers,
send \$20 to the office, retaining \$10
commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send
\$40 to the office, retaining \$20 com-
mission.

Get fifty subscribers, send \$50
to the office, retaining \$25 commis-
sion.

Get one hundred subscribers, send
\$100 to the office, retaining \$50
commission.

Any person sending a list of five
yearly subscribers will be entitled
to the commission on subsequent
names sent, at the same rate. The
first list from any person must con-
sist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received
under this offer must be new ones;
that is, not composed of any who
have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express or-
ders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers
from this office, showing the date
of expiration of subscriptions.

A NOVEL GUARANTEE.

A COMPANY THAT FURNISHES CERTIFICATES TO WOOERS.

A Boon to the Busy Man With a Marriageable Daughter—Rather One Sided, as the Wife Is Not Bound—An Interview of Whom Something Was Known.

Seeing the sign over the door, I entered. "If you wish to confer with the president, sir," said the young man in front, "you will find him in his private office," and thanking him I entered the rear room, where a pleasant faced man greeted me cordially.

"Won't you be seated?" he said, grasping me by the hand. "Is your business—er—confidential?"

"Not at all," I replied. "As I was passing by I thought I would stop in and inquire into the nature and scope of the Lovers' Guarantee company, which I see advertised so extensively."

"Certainly," he responded. "I shall be only too glad to inform you what we are here for. The Lovers' Guarantee company was formed for the purpose of securing good husbands to all maidens matrimonially inclined, and the great success we have met with thus far proves that there is an excellent reason for our existence. The average man of affairs has little time to look up the character and antecedents of the young fellow who applies for his daughter's hand. We look him up, and if he is satisfactory he gives us a bond, which entitles him to a certificate guaranteeing him to be all that he claims. This bond may be good for five or ten years. A man's financial status is of course easy to determine, but it is into the finer attributes of character that we examine particularly. Our certificate is an absolute guarantee of the man. Of course we have to be particular, for should the wife at any time insist upon a separation and show cause under the contract we would have to pay all her legal expenses and furnish her a new husband or make over to her certain payments."

"But suppose," said I, "after the man is married off, there develops some hidden trait, some idiosyncrasy that causes unhappiness, but not separation, what do you do then?"

"Such cases," replied the president of the Lovers' Guarantee company, "are rare, but of course they do occur. In a case like this we examine into the cause of the difficulty, and if the man be wrong the fact that he is under bond gives us a power over him, and generally we bring him to terms."

"But," said I, "suppose the woman in the case is wrong?"

"This," explained the president, "is extremely unfortunate, as we have no means of reaching her direct, having no power over her. We can, however, advise the man what to do, generally with most felicitous results. As a rule, these differences come from ignorance on both sides. Where they are extreme and a separation is advisable we have in our employ the best lawyers, and divorces are obtained in the most private way."

"We have in our employ one of the most eminent phrenologists in the country, who examines the heads of all applicants. Our head physician, who gave up a large practice to come with us, has a growing staff of assistants, and these look carefully into the physical condition of the applicants. You may depend upon it that when an applicant has successfully run the gauntlet we lay out for him he will make a good husband. We advise all young married people to have homes, and have a home bureau through which a member can obtain advice on the most desirable way to live, the best locations, a list of houses and apartments, and we are enabled to make an arrangement with landlords so that our patrons can obtain certain discounts and privileges. Were you thinking—ahem!"

"—of entering upon the new life?"

"Oh, no," I replied modestly. "I am already married, and," I added laughingly, "I don't suppose cases of this sort come under your jurisdiction."

"Indeed they do," replied the president of the Lovers' Guarantee company. "We have lately formed a department for the benefit of married people and find it to be a great success. For a small sum yearly, in advance, we furnish ladies with advice as to the proper management of husbands and direct them how to act in special emergencies. For instance, should a husband be called away too frequently at night on business, imbibing too freely—I may say this is one of our greatest obstacles—or should he become ill natured or untractable, we tell her what to do."

"Is this department secret?"

"Not at all," he responded. "Indeed we invite publicity. Such is our reputation that the mere fact made known to a man that his name is on our books will have a tendency to bring him to his senses."

"My dear sir," said I warmly as I rose to go, "you are accomplishing a great work, and I am glad I called in to see you." Then, thanking him, I was about to depart when he stopped me courteously.

"Excuse me," he said, "but would you mind giving me your name? I always like to take down the names of all our friends."

"Certainly not," said I. "I would just as soon as not, as it is just possible I may want to advise with you myself later on. My name, sir, is Witherby."

A bright and engaging smile came over the face of the president of the Lovers' Guarantee company. "Ah, yes, indeed," he exclaimed. "J. Scott Witherby, isn't it?"

"That's it," I replied, dumfounded, a lump rising in my throat. "How the mischief, sir, did you learn my name?"

"Very easily," he responded cheerfully as he reached over into his desk and handed me pamphlet B 146, on "If You Are a Husband, Don't Be a Crank."

"Your wife was in here only yesterday," J. Scott Witherby in New York World.

JAPANESE HAIRDRESSING.

The Sweet Little Woman Has Peculiar Ideas About Cleanliness.

The Japanese toilet is robbed of one of its finishing touches by the fact that no Japanese woman, gentle or simple, however fond she may be of looking into the sun shaped gun metal disk, supported on an artist's easel, which serves her for a looking glass, ever thinks of doing her own hair. The hair, after having all the last week's fat (the Japanese are exasperatingly clean in their persons) scoured out of it, is pomaded up afresh with the unctuous and not very olfactory pleasant compound, castory oil, and worked into a most elaborate coiffure, more like a huge glossy black butterfly than anything else. As it is only dressed once or twice a week, it is never taken down except by the barber.

But it is easy to sleep with your hair up when your pillow is merely a little wooden door scraper, with a hollow cut in it to fit the neck, and a drawer in its base to hold the ornamental hairpins.

The true Japanese woman, whether she is rich or poor, uses a paper pocket handkerchief carried in one of her long hanging sleeves, with her tiny kiseru (pipe) and silk tobacco pouch, and another pouch containing a tiny comb, mirror and pigment for coloring the lips.

She wears white linen socks with a divided great toe, through which she inserts the strap of a delicate straw sandal or a high kiri wood clog, according to the dryness of the weather, either the one discarded the instant she enters a building, and her parasol will be of the national Japanese shape, whether it be of oiled paper or delicately embroidered silk, though to be sure the Sairey Gamp umbrella is about the first contamination from the west which her costume is likely to suffer.

But I must not say any more about the dress of O-Hane San, the sweet little woman whose whole lifelong lesson, to quote the "Onna Daigaku" (greater learning for women), is obedience. She never loses her temper, never uses a coarse or irritating word, and is always piquant and gracious and smiling, though she will die for her husband or her children or endure pollution for her parents' gain with marble courage.—London Graphic.

JUDAISM AND HYGIENE.

The Mosaic Law Has Given the Hebrew Race Vigor and Hardihood.

It is indeed not a little singular that Christianity, in taking from Judaism its highest spiritual conception, should so have slighted the wonderful body of hygienic science which the Mosaic Law embodies. The explanation, however, probably is that Christianity undertook to deal with the matters supernatural, while Judaism, whether ancient or modern, is concerned only with mundane affairs. As Lucien Wolf admits, Judaism is really a sort of positivism. Its aim is the attainment of happiness in this world, whereas Christianity is chiefly concerned about happiness in the world to come. But precisely because Judaism agrees with Herbert Spencer, in relegating supernatural speculation to the realm of the unknowable, the intensity of its worldly philosophy is the greater. The wisdom and energy of the Jews, in fact, have been centered for years upon the re-enforcement and protection of all their natural forces. And thus it is that they anticipated the ripe results of sanitary science, while still the hanging gardens of Babylon were a world's wonder, and while, from the temple of Belus, Chaldean priests charted the heavens and calculated the occultations of the stars. This Mosaic law, so despised of the gentiles, has given to the Hebrew race that vigor and hardihood which have brought it safely again and again through persecutions that must have rooted out weaker people, and today, when the foremost savants of the nineteenth century are painfully searching out the genesis of disease and laboriously devising remedies, the immunities of the Jews in the midst of pestilence once more indicates the reason of their survival and emphasizes the triumph of their sanitary system.

No other race has been willing to accept such a discipline, and no other race, therefore, exhibits similar vitality and exemption from epidemic diseases. Modern teachers of hygiene insist always upon the observance of system in these matters, and they have reason, for the Hebrew race is a pregnant example of the power of hygienic and dietary laws, applied with unrelenting vigor from generation to generation.—Minneapolis Times.

Too Many Funerals.

A gentleman whose summer home is in Vermont brought back to Boston one fall a manservant from the country who had never before been in Boston. The sights and scenes in a big city impressed him peculiarly. One day he went to his employer and said:

"Mr. H—, I shall have to go back home."

"Why, Tom, have you not been treated kindly here?"

"Oh, yes, the treatment is all right, but then I'm afraid of my health."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, Mr. H—, I saw four funerals going past your house today, and I guess Boston is a plaguy unhealthy sort of a town."—Boston Journal.

A Leaf and Flower Combination.

The only known variety, species or genus of plant known to botanical investigators in which the flower grows from the leaf has been described in the Paris Journal de Botanique. This queer plant is a native of tropical Africa, and in it the flowers are borne along the midrib on the back of the leaf.—St. Louis Republic.

A Stroke of Luck.

Mrs. Portly Pompous—Oh, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase!

Bridget—Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it!—Tammany Times.

A THEORY.

Why do the violins shudder so when across them is drawn the bow, sob for anguish and wild despair? Human souls are imprisoned there.

Souls are shut in the violins. They are the souls of Philistines, But the Philistines, row on row, Soulless sit, and they do not know.

But they brandish their eyeglasses, Stare at each other's evening dress, Scrutinize form or brilliant hue, Say, "Is it rouge, or is it true?"

"Some one was fat a semitone, And how stout the soprano's grown! Isn't the bass a dear? And, oh, Do look at Mrs. So-and-so!"

Still the musicians play serene, As though Philistines had not been, But their souls in the violins Mourn on bitterly for their sins.

Call them wildly and call in pain, Call them with longing deep and vain, And with infinite tenderness, Since they can give them no redress.

Since not one of them is aware Here is he, and his soul is there In the music's divinest chord, Making melody to the Lord.

So how often in life and art Soul and body must dwell apart. Great is the Master's soul, no doubt. Twenty Philistines go without.

Are we body, or are we soul? Little matter upon the whole. Human soul in the violin. Save me at last, a Philistine! —Songs From Dreamland, May Kendall.

A POSSIBLE LOSS.

I met her on the shores of the lake. There were real tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Vansittart," she cried, "what shall I do? My husband's out in a boat, ever so far away, and the wind's rising, and the boatman says that it's awfully dangerous when there's a storm, and"—

I tilted my hat forward and scratched my head.

"I don't see what you can do," said I compassionately. I had sat next her three nights at table d'hôte and liked her extremely.

"Look at those trees! Oh, how it blows! And see! Great waves!"

"The wind is certainly getting up," I admitted, sitting down on a garden seat.

"Oh, Mr. Vansittart, suppose he should be drowned!"

"Suppose he?" I paused. The idea was a new one to me. I turned it over in my mind. "Well, suppose he should?" I said at last in an inquiring tone.

"And we've only been married a year!"

"Yes, yes," said I thoughtfully. "Your love is still fresh?"

"As fresh as the day when"—

"Your romance has not worn off; the day of disillusion has not come. Your husband's memory would be the sweetest of consolations to you."

"But, Mr. Vansittart,"

"There would be no alloy in your recollections. You are young, your life would not be spoiled, but it would be, as it were, hallowed by sweet and not too poignant regrets. In the course of time the violence of grief would wear off."

She sat down on the bench beside me and dug the end of her parasol into the path.

"You would feel," I pursued, "that, sacred as these memories were, precious as they were, you would not be justified in giving your whole life to them. And at last it may be that another would come who"—

"Oh, I can hardly imagine that, Mr. Vansittart."

"Try," said I encouragingly. "One who, though not perhaps the equal in all respects of him you had lost, could yet shelter you from the world."

"I should want some one, shouldn't I?"

"And give you an honest, enduring, unwavering affection."

"It wouldn't be the same thing," she said.

"Depend upon it," I returned earnestly, "it would be in some ways better, for he—your second husband—might well be one who could appreciate the depths of your nature, who would be serious when you were serious."

"Instead of always making jokes? Yes—Mr. Vansittart."

"Serious and yet able to enter into your lighter moods, always good tempered?"

"He would be a wonderful husband, then!"

"Generous—nay, lavish—in giving you whatever?"

"You wished for, unsparing in his efforts to please you?"

"What, after marriage?"

"Devoted absolutely to you. Why, it's a lovely picture."

"Yes, it does sound nice," she conceded, digging with the parasol.

"Could not such a one," I continued, leaning toward her, "by his affectionate and constant efforts, in the course of time heal the wound caused by your cruel calamity?"

"I don't know. Yes—I suppose so—well, perhaps in time, Mr. Vansittart, he might."

"He would," said I positively. "I can imagine myself!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vansittart?"

"I say, I can imagine myself making it the work, the whole preoccupation, the worthy task, of my life thus to restore happiness to one from whom it seemed to have departed forever."

"It would be a splendid thing for a man to do, wouldn't it?"

There was a pause. Then she said:

"But, Mr. Vansittart, would you, who are so young and so—and so—and so—I mean, who are so young, be content with a heart that has spent its first love on another, in which the freshness of youthfulness?"

"I sometimes think," I interrupted, in low but urgent tones, "that affection of that kind is nobler, higher, better than the rash impulsiveness of an ignorant girl. It would be a sympathetic communion of minds, of souls, Mr. Lawrence."

"Yes, I see. Yes, it would, Mr. Vansittart."

"My sympathy for you," I pursued,

"would soften and inspire my nature. I should be elevated to your level. And perhaps at last, when long years had obliterated"—

"Well, had blurred, Mr. Vansittart."

"Yes, had blurred the pain of memory, we might come to see, to understand, how what once seemed so distressing was really, in spite of its sadness, the necessary condition for the perfect development of two human lives."

For a few moments we sat in thought. Then Mrs. Lawrence observed, "Good so often comes out of suffering, doesn't it?"

"It indeed seems to be the way of the world."

"A woman placed as you describe, Mr. Vansittart, would feel, I'm sure, so deep, so strong a gratitude for the man who had nobly dedicated his life to her that as time wore on she would give to him an affection, different in kind perhaps, but not inferior in intensity to that which she had felt for the man who first won her heart."

"That would be the only reward I should hope for," said I.

"So that, in the end, I should feel—it would be borne in upon me that this man was my real, my true, my only"—

At this point Mrs. Lawrence stopped abruptly, for a shadow fell between us, and on looking up we saw a stout, elderly man, wearing a blue jersey, standing just in front of us.

"Beg pardon, mum," said he, "but are the lady what asked Jim Dobb about the gentleman what's out in the boat?"

"About the—what? Oh, yes, I suppose—oh, yes, I am."

"Well, you've no cause to be put out about 'im, mum. He's just roundin' the point, and he'll be ashore in two minutes' time."

"But Dobb said it was very dangerous," I protested.

"Dobbs don't know everything, sir, beggin' your pardon. Anyways the gentleman's safe enough. Glad of it for your sake, mum."

"Thank you—thank you so much," said Mrs. Lawrence.

The elderly man stood looking at me in such a manner that I took sixpence out of my pocket and gave it to him. To be frank, I have seldom grudgingly a sixpence more. Then the elderly man passed on.

There was a long silence. Mrs. Lawrence had made quite a little pit in the gravel walk. Once she looked at me, and finding me regarding her rather gloomily, I believe, hastily turned away again with a blush. At last the silence became intolerable—almost improper, in fact.

"What were we talking about when that man interrupted us?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, with a desperate assumption of ease.

"It is a rule of mine to give a plain answer to a plain question."

"We were talking," said I, "of what would have happened if Dobb had known everything." And having thus said I suddenly began to laugh.

Women are strange creatures. Mrs. Lawrence leaped up from her seat and stood over me. Her eyes flashed with indignation, and she positively brandished her parasol at me.

"You horrid, horrid boy!" she cried. "My dear Mrs. Lawrence"—I protested.

"You've made me talk as if I"—

"It was a mere hypothesis," I pleaded.

"As if I—oh! Anyhow, if my husband were drowned a thousand times over, I'd never speak to you."

"So you say now," said I composedly, "but you know you were quite taken with the prospect a little while ago."

"Mr. Vansittart, you're wicked! How can I go and tell my poor, dear Robbie?"

"I don't insist on your telling him," said I in a conciliatory tone.

"Perhaps you think I don't care for him?" she cried defiantly.

"The hypothesis was that you did," said I. "That's what made it so interesting."

"I shall sit somewhere else at dinner tonight," Mrs. Lawrence announced haughtily.

"If you go on like this," I observed warningly, "I shall end by being"—

"You can be just what you like."

"By being glad," I concluded.

"Glad! Glad of what?"

"Glad," said I, "that I see your husband walking toward us in perfect health."

"Hello, Georgie," he cried to his wife. "Here I am; had a bit of a blow, though."

Mrs. Lawrence ran a few steps toward him. I took the liberty of following.

"Vansittart been looking after you?" asked Lawrence, with a smile.

"Oh, my darling Robbie," cried Mrs. Lawrence, "I've been imagining all sorts of things about you."

"Foolish child!" said he fondly. "Did you think I was going to be drowned?"

"We didn't exactly think it," I broke in. "We assumed it by way of"—

"Please, Robbie, will you take me into the house?" said Mrs. Lawrence hastily.

Mrs. Lawrence did sit elsewhere at dinner, but Lawrence said to me as we played billiards afterward:

"Tell you what, old chap, if a fellow wants his wife to be extra pleasant to him, he can't do better than risk his life on this beastly lake," and he smiled most contentedly.

It was merely penitence, of course. But I let him alone.—Idler.

Sure Sign.

Jack—Congratulate me, old man! I've won her love at last.

Tom—Has she accepted you?

Jack—Just as good. We had a terrible quarrel last night, and she said she'd never speak to me again.—Pick Me Up.

The Sexton's Point of View.

"How dull the cemetery is today; not a single funeral!"—Etoile Belge.

RECONCILED.

"Have pity!" cried the weeping rose. "Oh, dear me not from this dear bower! Here have I dwelt in sun and shower; Here have I grown from bud to flower; Here let me in my bloom repose."

"Weep not, O rose!" I whispered low. "I'll take thee to a heavenly rest. Upon my sweetheart's swelling breast Thy beauty shall in rapture grow."

"I'm happy," sighed the smiling rose. "Her radiant eyes upon me bend. Her breath and mine in greeting blend. I feel the throbbing of her heart. Oh, never tear us two apart! Here through life's bloom would I repose." —Clement Clifford in New York Ledger.

BANK BOOKKEEPING.

A Perfect System Never Has and May Never Be Developed.

The cashier of a prominent up town bank says that such a thing as a perfect system of bookkeeping has never been devised and probably never will be.

"When you think of it," he said, "bookkeeping is simply a question of mental ingenuity. What one brain can devise in the way of safeguards another brain can usually undo, speaking in a general way. The daily papers in condemning the banks because of the moderate salaries paid to bookkeepers overlook a very important fact. The banks pay the market rates to expert bookkeepers, which are anywhere from \$1,800 to \$2,200 a year. An almost unlimited number of men can be obtained at these figures, and paying more money would not make the banks a bit safer, for the simple reason that men of strong mental powers, great business capacity and unswerving integrity are not, as a rule, content to be mechanical bookkeepers in large institutions. I do not, of course, mean to disparage bookkeepers in any way."

"The point is that the men who make good bookkeepers are unimagineable, reliable and steady going persons, who are not influenced by great ambition, and who do not aspire to lofty places. It is not required of a bookkeeper that he shall have very high mental qualifications as bookkeeping is now conducted in our big institutions. Each man has a stipulated amount of work of a stereotyped nature to do. He has of course enough ingenuity to swindle, if he chooses to do so. Anybody who believes that a perfect system of bookkeeping would be impossible to counterfeit would be money. The Bank of England has been held up as a marvel for many years, and yet it is no secret that that institution was swindled in the most complete manner for many years before it was found out. The most important and conservative commercial agencies and financial institutions in this city and London have lost money through their employees, and the Credit Lyonnais, in France, where bookkeeping is said to have been carried to the very highest point of safety, was completely upset by a number of clerks two years ago, who had no difficulty whatever in hoodwinking the experts and pocketing the bank's money."—New York Sun.

Who Invented the Guillotine?

It is now certain that neither Dr. J. I. Guillotin, who is said to have died upon the instrument which has a name so strikingly like his own, nor Dr. J. B. V. Guillotine, who has also been given the credit of being its inventor, was the designer of the French instrument of capital punishment. It is known to have been in use in Italy at least 500 years before the time of either of the gentlemen mentioned and was the recognized instrument used for inflicting the death penalty in Scotland during both the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Conradin of Swabia was executed by such a machine at Naples in the year 1268, and that it was in use in France more than 100 years before the time of Dr. J. I. Guillotin is proved by the fact that the Duc de Montmorency was decapitated "by a sliding ax" in 1632.—St. Louis Republic.

The Principle In Thought.

During normal sleep cerebral force is restored which during the day was consumed. We cannot during wakefulness maintain an electric supply as fast as we disperse it, as not only all thought, but simple consciousness itself, must consume something. Those are marvelous microscopic twinkles of electric light that attend the disruption of the microscopic cells when we think. Wonderful is that carnal engineering whose going, wrought by cerebral action, marks the genesis, and whose stopping indicates the exodus of our lives.—New York Advertiser.

A New Use For the Telephone.

It has remained for the latter part of the nineteenth century to evolve another and wholly different method from that usually employed for the transmission of oscillatory favors. This is to have the matter accomplished by telephone. The invention is not, however, patented, and may upon occasion be adopted in other cities than Washington.—Washington Times.

Lying Low.

Schoolmate—Why do you never touch your piano?

Miss Thumper—We're buying it on installments.

"What difference does that make?"

"I'm afraid if paw should hear me play he'd stop paying."—Good News.

In the battle of Marengo 58,000 men participated, and of that number 13,000 were killed or wounded, about 22 per cent. Napoleon thought Marengo his greatest victory. He always kept throughout life the uniform he wore on that day.

The climatic limit to the cultivation of wheat is not so much the cold of winter as the heat of summer. It will not mature in a climate where the summer temperature is below 60.

The Chippewa river was named from the Indian tribe. The Indian designation was Mayawaken, "The Mysterious Stream."

GROCERIES

AT THE

Lowest Bedrock Prices.

SBARBORO & CO.

At their old-established place of business

531 WASHINGTON ST.

Read this List and be Convinced that SBARBORO & CO. are making the Greatest Reduction of the age in

GROCERIES,

Wines, Liquors, Etc.

The California Catholic

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Henry I. Fisher, Editor & Publisher
OFFICE, 628 Montgomery St., San Francisco

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—\$1.50 per year, strictly in advance.

Postage prepaid in the United States, Canada and Mexico. To all other countries, 50 cents year additional. Portions of a year, pro rata.

No papers sent to any address after expiration of the time for which payment has been made. Trade supplied by the San Francisco News Company. For sale by all newsdealers.

Make all checks, drafts, express and post-office orders payable to HENRY I. FISHER, 628 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1896.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of January.
Feast of the Epiphany.Sacred Heart Presentation Convent, Taylor and Ellis streets.
St. Catherine's Convent, Benicia.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, January 12th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Jan. 6, Sunday—The Epiphany of our Lord.

Jan. 7, Monday—S. Lucian, M. (312.)

Jan. 8, Tuesday—S. Severin, Ab. (Ap. Austria and Bavaria, 482.)

Jan. 9, Wednesday—SS. Julian and Basilissa, MM. (313.)

Jan. 10, Thursday—S. Agatho, P. (682.)

Jan. 11, Friday—S. Hyginus, P. M. (142.)

Jan. 5, Saturday—S. Bennet, Bp. (690.)

The Actors in Epiphany.

It would be difficult to find in so few lines of the Holy Bible a more striking illustration of the different tones of mind towards revelation than is afforded by the Gospel appointed to be read on the feast of the Epiphany.

The embassy from the East, whether of Kings or of Wise Men, was assuredly composed of influential personages. Acting on a floating tradition associated with the singular appearance of a star, they set forth on a long journey boldly to enter a foreign country to seek its new born sovereign, bearing with them precious gifts to be offered with their homage. It is not difficult to imagine the insulting gibes and criticism of their compatriots at so foolhardy a mission.

When the heavenly herald disappeared, fearlessly they enquired of the ruling King, and having learnt what had been prophesied, continue their journey and at length find "the child with Mary His Mother." Sense saw but a helpless babe in the surroundings of abject poverty; reason had argued on the floating tradition, the celestial manifestation, the prophetic knowledge; but faith, "that star that shone within their hearts," made them fall down, adore Him, and offer Him their precious gifts. These were the first fruits of the Gentiles.

"Herod hearing these wondrous tidings was troubled and all Jerusalem with him." Afraid of losing his Kingdom obtained from the Romans, afraid of being punished for his proud cruel tyranny, he acts the cunning deceiver. He learns diligently both of the wise men and of the chief priests concerning the time of the appearance of the star, the prophesied place of birth, on the pretense of going to adore the new born king His horrible intention to "seek the Child to destroy

Him" was known to the Searcher of all Hearts and was frustrated. Herod thought he could kick against the goad and steeped his hands in the blood of the innocents, killing "all the men-children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under."

The chief priests and scribes in reply to Herod's enquiry said, "In Bethlehem of Juda: for so it is written by the prophet." They state with perfect accuracy where is to be born "the Captain that shall rule my people Israel." In face of this extraordinary embassy, the excitement caused by it, the correct information they possessed, what more astounding than their utter indifference to the glad tidings of great joy that the "Saviour was born."

What a commentary does all this suggest on the word of the Angelic host: "Peace to men of good-will!"

The press reports, and it is not denied, that the Protestant Episcopal Church of America is seriously contemplating the making of Archbishops, the first of whom will, it is added, probably be Bishop Potter of New York. It is of grave moment to those who profess to believe in Apostolic Succession to know how this is to be accomplished. No consecration makes an Archbishop. He differs from other bishops by having extra authority. Who is to confer it in this case? Bishops separately or collectively cannot do this. It can be obtained only from some source of universal jurisdiction. The Pope created the Archbishoprics of Canterbury and York, just as he has those of New York and San Francisco.

Cardinal Gibbons has been interviewed by the World on the "New Woman." His Eminence is very outspoken concerning this revival of this ancient creature. With none of her fads and theories has he any sympathy. One by one they are condemned. The Mother of God and her mode of life are emphasized for the imitation of womanhood. It is to be confessed with pain that some of our own Catholic women are unmindful of their true model, and are apeing the ways and following in the footsteps of the "New Woman."

We commend to the consideration of Bible Societies the following common sense statement of the Asiatic Review on the failure of Protestant Missions: "Dr. Cust (whose book is reviewed) fails to class among the difficulties of converting the heathen the indiscriminate circulation of the Bible, sometimes wrongly translated. That book was never meant as a missionary agent; and if it bristles with difficulties which try the faith of even the Christian believer it can simply be a means for defeating the object of its circulation when read uncommenced upon by the non-Christian."

A good knight who was a faithful servant of Jesus night and day describes honor in the age which we are wont to deride was attributed to men

whose highest pride it was that they defended the weak; that they held fast to their friends; that they shared their substance with the poor; that they redressed human wrong; that they spoke no slander nor listened to it; that they strove to keep themselves without spot of sin; that they were meek and gentle to others and stern to themselves; and that they rejoiced above all to serve their "fair Father Christ" unto their lives end; God and our Lady being their motto. (Ave Maria.)

That the new Czar should send Prince Lobanoff, one of the highest personages of the Russian Empire and a sincere sympathizer with the Vatican to officially announce to the Holy Father the accession of Nicholas II., bodes well for the future relations of Russia with the Holy See. This, coming so soon after the young Czar's announced policy of toleration to Catholic Poland, leaves no doubt of his Majesty's determination to show friendship and good-will to the Pope. On occasions of this kind crowned heads are accustomed to confer on such messengers some special dignity. To Prince Lobanoff is to be given with its decoration the Order of Christ.

The Catholics of the whole world, and specially those who are of the English speaking nation, should hold in grateful memory the departed Robert Louis Stevenson who defended the heroic Father Damien. The base dishonorable attack made by a Presbyterian Minister on the saintly priest, drew forth from poor Stevenson, himself a Presbyterian, a vindication that inflicted lasting chastisement on the offending clergyman.

The offerings of the "Wise Men from the East"—gold, frankincense and myrrh. "The gold," says Origen, "as to a King, the myrrh as to a mortal man, and the frankincense to God." And St. Bernard suggests another spiritual meaning: "They offered gold to teach us to despise riches; frankincense as an oblation ascending to heaven; and myrrh as an emblem of mortification."

Impurity.

Now, in thinking of our Lady's spotless soul, we cannot help averting to the opposite vice, impurity. How widespread is that vice among the people of today! How manifold are the ways in which innocence is wrecked among us! Take the press, for example: what a countless number of death-dealing instruments of lust daily, nay hourly, come forth from the press! Great human demons print vile pictures to corrupt the young. The silly, disobedient boys who buy cigarette must be sold a nasty picture to help ruin soul and body. Even reputable newspapers print columns of reading matter that dare not be read aloud. Even some of our merchants cannot advertise their business without attempting to stab their customers' souls through their eyes by filthy pictures.

Then take the theatres. I know that there are some decent ones; yet you know better than I can tell you how hard it is ordinarily to come away from a theatre with untainted soul. The conductors of some of these theatres insult our eyes with their immense flaming show bills, on which lust flaunts her banners in triumph. Many poor souls are ruined by bad plays.—Sacred Heart Review.

Fine wines and liquors for holiday use—finest grades, lowest prices, at Sbarboro & Co.'s, 531 Washington street.

A Non-Catholic Speaks.

(Continued from first page.)

The cathedrals, the abbeys, the monasteries, the collegiate churches, the corporations or guilds, the hospitals, the charities each had their school.

"Moreover," says Mr. Leach, "at least half, and that the most important half, of these schools were not confined, like modern schools, to an endowment of fixed amount, but having to be inadequately maintained by the collegiate body or the guild, to which they were attached, could and did draw on their endowments at large. These endowments were confiscated by the State, and many still line the pockets of the statesmen of the day. Private munificence has done but little to repair the loss. In any case, the contrast between one grammar school to every 5,625 people, and that presented by the the schools inquiry report (1866) of one to every 23,750 people, is not flattering to ourselves. Not justly, in regard to secondary education, can we echo the Homeric boast that we are much better than our forefathers."

"It is clear," he adds, "from the examples given of the various classes of schools, which are only a few out of scores that might have been given, that there was most ample provision made for secondary education throughout the country. It may be said broadly that wherever there was a cluster of houses which could be dignified into the name of town, there was a grammar school in the midst of it. Indeed, a grammar school might almost be taken as the test of that corporate, or quasi-corporate, activity which justified a place in calling itself a town. It was an institution without which no community could consider itself respectable. Very different is the state of things presented by the schools inquiry report of 1886."

The Bells of Stonyhurst.

As the chimes are sweetly stealing
Through the bright and silent day,
When the Angelus sweet is pealing
From Stonyhurst so far away,
Then how solemn seems the hour
When at noon the bells doth ring,
From the old stone college tower
Where the ivy green does cling.
Ring on then, thou Angelus bell,
Ever sweet and dear to me;
Waft thy chime to those who dwell
In other lands afar from thee.
And when the sounds are gently stealing
Through the long bright Summer day,
With deep love and tender feeling
Will memory list to them always.
J. WALTER REID.

The Man of Galilee.

Subscribers of this paper who have as yet failed to take advantage of the Examiner's offer to supply the various portfolios of the Man of Galilee to the readers of this paper on the same terms as the Examiner, should do so at once. The pictures in the various numbers are really beautiful, and their religious interest, especially at the present time, is great. All that is necessary is for subscribers to clip the coupon from the eighth page of this paper, enclose it with ten cents in coin or stamps, and mail it to the Examiner business office, 756 Market street, and the portfolio desired will be promptly forwarded. So far six of the numbers have been issued. You will regret missing this opportunity if you fail to make use of the chance.

Popes whose Parents were Poor.

Pope Damasus II. was the son of a Bavarian peasant.
The mother of Pope Adrian IV. was supported by the charity of the parish in which she lived.
Pope Urban IV. was the son of a respectable shoemaker.
Pope Benedict XI. was the son of a poor washerwoman.
Pope John XII. was the son of a rag man.
Pope Alexander V. begged his meals from the charitable when a boy.
Pope Pius V. was the son of a shepherd.
Pope Sixtus V. was the son of a herdsman.

CONDEMNED BY THE POPE.

Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Sons of Temperance Under the Ban.

In the following letter addressed to his Excellency, Mgr. Satolli, the decision of the Holy See in relation to certain secret societies is communicated as follows:

"Most Reverend and Illustrious Sir: Your Excellency cannot fail to know that the Archbishops set over the various ecclesiastical provinces of the Republic of the United States of America have in more than one of their assemblies taken counsel with respect to the Societies which have grown up in the aforesaid Republic, namely, the Odd Fellows, the Sons of Temperance, and the Knights of Pythias. And you must be also aware that the aforesaid Bishops unanimously decided that the whole question as to the Societies should be submitted to the judgement of the Apostolic See. His Holiness therefore committed this question to Most Reverend Satolli and the Inquisitors-General. These in general congregation, held on Wednesday, June 20, 1894, confirmed a decision previously made as to the aforesaid circulars, decreed that all the Ordinaries throughout the United States must in every way strive to keep the faithful from becoming members of said Societies, and must not fail to admonish their people to that effect, and that any thus admonished must be debarred from the sacrament should they fail to abandon or cut aloof from the same Societies. This decree His Holiness confirmed and gave in complete effect. It is therefore communicated to your Excellency that through you it may be transmitted to all the Archbishops Bishops and other Ordinaries of the United States, and for the due custody of the souls of the faithful, may be by these Ordinaries carried into effect. Meantime, I beseech Almighty God to bestow all benefits and blessings.

"CARDINAL MONACO.
"Rome, August 20, 1894."

Medals of Rare Value.

During his recent visit to the Eternal City, Very Rev. Provincial Corby of Notre Dame University, received from Pope Leo XIII. seventeen exquisitely executed medals commemorating an historic event in each year since His Holiness ascended the Pontifical throne. The medals were coined in the Vatican mint, after designs by the world-renowned Binchi. Complete sets are rare. There are not more than five or six sets in the United States. Father Corby has placed these precious gifts in The Bishops Memorial Hall of the University.

Hon. H. L. Joachimsen.

The position of Judge of the Police Court is an arduous one, involving a far greater amount of legal learning than is always credited to the occupant of the bench. It is also a trying position, requiring prompt and accurate judgment, and a keen insight into human nature to prevent wrong and protect the innocent from suffering. Hon. H. L. Joachimsen, who on Monday next will enter into another term as Police Judge, has won his reputation as a careful, conscientious officer by the prompt manner in which he has always discharged the duties of that onerous office.

It is a well known fact that the atmosphere around police courts is usually filled with stories of happenings that do not occur in regular practice, yet during all the time Judge Joachimsen has occupied the bench, his court and his name have never been coupled with any stories of this kind. This in itself is a striking circumstance which speaks well for the occupant of the police bench, referred to above. Judge Joachimsen has always shown his fitness for the position by his decisions in all cases brought before him, and the people in re-electing him to the term he is just about to enter in, have shown their true appreciation of his worth.

De Lesseps.

The prevailing European estimate of De Lesseps, whose death is widely discussed by the press, is probably accurately summarized by the concluding sentences in the London Times: "Public opinion, which has alternately regarded him as an impostor or as a brilliant engineer, as a consummate financier or as a heartless swindler, will probably finally settle down to this appreciation of the originator of the Suez canal. He was neither a financier nor an engineer, neither an impostor nor a swindler. He was a man of great originality, of indomitable perseverance, of boundless faith in himself and of singular powers of fascination over others."

Choice Catholic Literature.

Suitable for the Home, or Sunday School Library.

Elegant 18mo cloth bound books with gilt side name and stamp, offered at ONE-HALF the regular price.

SUITABLE FOR

Christmas Presents

At the suggestion of a number of the reverend clergy we have determined to offer the choice of any one of the following elegantly bound books, containing choice Catholic Stories, mainly for young people, at one-half the regular price. Every book has been approved by ecclesiastical authority, and all are by approved Catholic writers.

Price 20 cents each and one coupon for each book.

SPECIAL RATES IN QUANTITIES TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.
READ THE LIST.

Adventures of Travel
Affections, Tales of the
Agnes, and other Sketches.
Angel Visits
Angel Dreams
Antonio, or, the Orphan of Florence
Apprentice (The), and other Sketches
Artists (Catholic), Tales of
Bad Example
Beautiful Little Rose
Chapel of the Angels
Crusade of the Children
Elberton Priory
Emma's Cross, and other Tales
Faith and Loyalty and the Chip Gatherers
Florentine
Frederick Wilmet
Harry O'Brien, and other Tales
Hermit of Mt. Atlas
Honor O'More's Three Homes
Hope of the Katzekeps
Idleness and Industry
James Chapman
Joe Baker
Lame Mills
Leo, or, The Choice of a Friend
Lepanto, Battle of, etc
Medellene, the Rosiere
Mary Benedicta, and other Stories
May-Day, and other Tales
Naval and Military Life, Tales of
Nestlethorpe the Miser
Rivals, the
St. Maurice
Scenes and Incidents at Sea
Schoolboys (The) and the Boy and the Man
Servicer's Daughter and Orange Girl
Select Popular Tales
Select Tales for the Young
Sir Elfric, and other Tales
South of France, Tales of the
Stories of Other Lands
Tales for the Young
Truth and Trust
Two Painters, the
Uncle Edward's Stories
Young Astronomer, The
Young Emigrants, The

Make selections of one or more, indicating first, second or third choice. Owing to our distance from the source of supply it may be impossible always to keep a stock of each number on hand.

BOOK COUPON.

This coupon when accompanied by 20 cents will entitle the holder to choice of any Book in above list offered by the

CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.
Henry I. Fisher,
Editor and Publisher
Room 10, Montgomery Block,
628 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

NEWS OF THE

Interesting Sermon
Wyman, the

REV. D. O'SULLIVAN

New Prior at St.
Mission at Alameda
Church at Sacramento

Old St. Mary

The fame of the Pauline preachers is attracting attention at every service. At last mass, Rev. Father the celebrant, and the preached by Rev. Father Wyman, the preacher of charity the Father to us that we should be God. "At this season said Father Wyman, 'naturally revert to the mistakes which we make resolutions to correct the future. In this step back to our earliest remembrance.'"

"The innocence of childhood! The grace of operative on our souls, previous sin! The Church the gate of heaven. The Holy Sacrifice was as it were, face to face. Our first examination of how carefully was it first communion how veneration of God's presence time, my dear brethren Christmas and New Year come and gone. We have life's pathway entirely flowers; sharp thorns in our feet. We have had to climb. Imagining the pleasures could fully have perhaps strayed in paths, and what we thought sweet and pleasant, we find the end to be as bitter as

In temporal matters with many trials and disappointments. Our brightest hopes have into the deepest disappointments. Reverses of fortune have us. We find ourselves weak. And when these temporal which we fixed our affections not having God's favor to were in despair, and even whether or not life was. But during the last holy grace has once more hearts. We have little our folly in sin, and have our Father's house. An experienced the joy which as Christians, and we have hope for the future. All which we have enjoyed and which we now have tained, come from that which the Church celebrates, the mystery of the

"The mystery of the Incarnation, the most wonderful the mind of man has ever known. It is too great and too wonderful to be mere human. It is more wonderful even than the creation of man by an Omnipotent nothing. By the Incarnation became united nature, and the whole human being elevated by it to a union with God. This is a reality. We could not we should study the system of the wisest men of anything to be compared which has been given to the coming of Jesus Christ. God. And the aspirant grace excites in our soul Him be fully satisfied. those who hunger and justice, for they shall be. The music, under the Miss M. Georgiana, is a choir of the services. The choir entirely of volunteer talents are always ready to give forth when the occasion

Redwood City

The members of the Sodality of the Immaculate presented Father O'Sullivan with a gold-headed cane morning. Shortly after morning the members assembled in the parlors residence, Father O'Sullivan, N. Flannelly and

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Interesting Sermon by Father Wyman, the Paulist.

REV. D. O'SULLIVAN CANED

New Prior at St. Dominicans Mission at Alameda—New Church at Sacramento.

Old St. Mary's.

The fame of the Paulist Fathers as preachers is attracting large congregations at every service. Last Sunday at last mass, Rev. Father Brady was the celebrant, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Father Wyman. Taking as his text, "Behold what manner of charity the Father has shown to us that we should be the sons of God." "At this season of the year," said Father Wyman, "our thoughts naturally revert to the past. We see the mistakes which we have made, and make resolutions to correct them in the future. In this spirit let us go back to our earliest remembrances.

"The innocence of childhood! how beautiful! The grace of baptism, then operative on our souls, unmarred by grievous sin! The Church was to us the gate of heaven. The priest offering the Holy Sacrifice was one conversing with us, face to face with God. Our first examination of conscience! how carefully was it made. At our first communion how vivid our realization of God's presence. Since that time, my dear brethren, how many Christmas and New Year days have come and gone. We have not found life's pathway entirely strewn with flowers; sharp thorns have pierced our feet. We have had rugged steeples to climb. Imagining that temporary pleasures could fully satisfy us, we have perhaps strayed into forbidden paths, and what we thought would be sweet and pleasant, we have found in the end to be as bitter as gall.

In temporal matters we have met with many trials and disappointments. Our brightest hopes have been turned into the deepest disappointments. Reverses of fortune have overtaken us. We find ourselves where we began. And when these temporal things on which we fixed our affections failed us, not having God's favor to rest upon, we were in despair, and even questioned whether or not life was worth living. But during the last holy season of penance grace has once more touched our hearts. We have bitterly lamented our folly in sin, and have come back to our Father's house. Again we have experienced the joy which we first had as Christians, and we are filled with hope for the future. All these graces which we have enjoyed in the past, and which we now have once more attained, come from that great mystery which the Church celebrates at this season, the mystery of the Incarnation.

"The mystery of the Incarnation is the most wonderful thing that the mind of man has ever contemplated. It is too great and too wonderful to be the result of mere human fancy. It is more wonderful even than the doctrine of the creation of the world and man by an Omnipotent Being out of nothing. By the Incarnation the divinity became united to human nature, and the whole human race has been elevated by it to a possibility of union with God. This we know to be a reality. We could not possibly, if we should study the system of philosophy of the wisest men of all times, find anything to be compared with that which has been given to us through the coming of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And the aspirations which His grace excites in our souls can through Him be fully satisfied. "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled."

The music, under the direction of Miss M. Georgiana, is a special feature of the services. The choir is composed entirely of volunteer talent, yet they are always ready to give their best efforts when the occasion demands it.

Redwood City.

The members of the Young Ladies' Sodality of the Immaculate Conception presented Father O'Sullivan with a gold-headed cane on Christmas morning. Shortly after mass on that morning the members of the society assembled in the parlors of the pastoral residence, Father O'Sullivan was invited to the parlor. Misses Ella Gunn, N. Flannely and A. Murphy

stepped to the front, and Miss Gunn, on behalf of the members of the Sodality, made a few brief remarks in the presentation of the gift. The remarks and the response are as follows:

Dear Rev. Father: Today the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception have the happiness of greeting you in your beloved home with a "bright and Merry Christmas" and a "glad and happy New Year." It is indeed a pleasure to be able to thank one who has shown such an earnest attention and kindness to our sodality. And though our simple greeting is not such as you deserve, and but poorly expresses the sentiments we feel; yet we are sure you will kindly accept it. Many changes have taken place since last Christmas, but our remembrance of your kindness will never vary. We know, our dear Reverend Pastor, that you will receive many Christmas offerings, but we know also that you will cherish no one more than that of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. To you we owe an immense debt of gratitude for the many acts of kindness you have shown us, as well as your many beautiful instructions and wise counsels, which God helping us we shall try to prove were not given in vain. We are but few; yet we sincerely trust that our prayers in your behalf will be none the less acceptable before the Throne of Grace. Once again thanking you, kind pastor, we beg you to accept this small token of the high esteem in which you are held by your children, the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception.

These tender sentiments seemed to touch a responsive chord in the tender heart of Father O'Sullivan. In a few words he thanked the young ladies for the handsome Christmas gift, although, he said, a caning is not always received with thanks, yet as gold is attached to this, the spirit of the times will not condemn due acknowledgment. Any kind office he performed in the way of deep interest to the success of the Sodality, of direction or instruction was a duty, and for it deserved no praise and to do one's duty deserves no thanks. True the members were few, but that fact is the principal reason among many why he was and should be solicitous for their welfare. He said his only desire and only compensation here was to see them advance in wisdom and grace as they advanced in age. The Reverend Father then wished the members of the society every blessing that could make Christmas for them all joyous and happy.

Alameda.

Rev. M. D. Connolly, of St. Paul's church, celebrated both masses on Sunday, and at the last mass treated the congregation to an admirable sermon on the "Holy Name of Jesus." Father Connolly eloquently gave the reason why every head should bow at the mention of His name. A summary of the sermon would fail to give an adequate idea of the beautiful language in which Father Connolly clothed his thoughts.

The preparations for the dedication of the new church are rapidly progressing, and the event promises to be a notable one in the religious annals of Alameda. The interior of the church is rapidly approaching completion, and already there is a good demand for pews. There are a number of choice seats yet vacant. Those who have not secured any can obtain them at the parochial residence.

Rev. Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, S. J., will commence a mission in the new church on Sunday evening, the 20th inst. The fame of these two priests as preachers is well known and large congregations are sure to attend all their services.

St. Dominic's.

Rev. Benedict McGovern, O. P., has been chosen prior of the Dominican monastery, succeeding Rev. Father Riley, O. P., who has gone to Benecia. Father McGovern was rector of the church of the Most Holy Rosary, in East Portland, before coming here.

In celebration of the third anniversary of their organization, the members of the Young Men's Holy Names Society will give a minstrel show and banquet in their rooms on next Thursday. An effort is to be made to induce them to repeat the entertainment for the benefit of the public.

Sacramento.

Father Augustine, O. S. F., now staying at the Cathedral with Right Rev. Bishop Manogue, has just closed the bargain for a site for a Catholic Church and Monastery on Twenty-fifth and K streets.

The transfer took effect Monday,

and the deeds have been properly executed and handed over. The ground will be broken early this month, and work commenced on the buildings as soon as the weather permits.

Father Augustine is a member of the Franciscan Order known as the "Friars Minor of St. Francis of Assisi," whose headquarters or Provincial House, is at St. Louis, Missouri.

St. Peter's.

The St. Peter's Dramatic Club will give a benefit for the Uniform Fund of Company 1, League of the Cross Cadets, on Thursday evening, February 21, at St. Peter's Hall, Florida street, near Twenty-fifth, on which occasion they will produce the popular comedy "Our Domestic," to be followed by the laughable farce, "Caught by the Cuff."

The club is composed of some of the best known amateur talent of the Mission, and as their previous entertainments have always been successful, it is safe to say the coming one will only add to their well-earned reputation.

St. Ignatius.

On Tuesday evening the Gentlemen's Sodality held their annual election of officers. They will be duly installed on tomorrow morning.

College opened on Friday with an increased attendance.

The members of the Sanctuary Society have elected the following officers:

Prefect, L. Boland; Assistant Prefects, W. Barry and V. Driscoll; Censor, E. Dowling; Recording Secretary, R. Williams; Librarian, M. Murphy; Treasurer, P. Cooney; Vestry Prefects, J. Sullivan, M. Murphy, E. McCarthy and H. Hussey.

Here and There

A mission will be commenced at the Italian church, corner of Filbert and Dupont streets, tomorrow, Sunday, under the direction of Rev. Fathers Sardi and Guilli, S. J.

An entertainment is to be given by the members of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception of Sacred Heart Church, at Mowry's Opera House, corner of Grove and Laguna streets, on the evening of the 25th inst.

By the will of the late James G. Fair Archbishop Kiordan is bequeathed \$50,000 for the different Catholic Orphan Asylums of his diocese, to be divided among them in proportion to the number of inmates.

The Catholic Knights.

State Secretary, E. J. McMahon, has issued a letter notifying all members that the State Council has levied a per capita tax of one dollar (\$1.00) payable in two parts on all members of the Order in good standing on the date of this call, (January 1, 1895) to meet the expenses of the State Convention held at Sacramento, on Nov. 23d and 24th, 1894. The first part of this tax, seventy-five cents, is payable within sixty days. Secretaries are urged to remit the amount due from each branch direct to the State Treasurer, Brother Henry Weber, North Temescal, and to notify the State Secretary by letter of the date on which the amount was forwarded. The date for the payment of the second part of the tax will be fixed by the officers of the State Council, due notice of which will be sent.

Blanks were also sent out requiring a statement of the membership of each one at the close of the year. Secretaries are also required to report any increase or decrease which may occur monthly from now until April 30th next, as this information is necessary to determine whether California shall be entitled to two Delegates at the next Supreme Council to be held in May next. No credentials can be given to the prospective delegate unless the figures in the office of the State Secretary show that the membership is 500 or more.

Back at the Old Location.

Charles L. Barrington, who some time ago disposed of his drug store at the junction of Van Ness Ave., Market and Oak streets, has purchased back the store, and will during the coming week, assume the control of it. Mr. Barrington is too well known to readers of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC to need any further notice from this paper. After the first prox., W. H. Adair, who has for many years been connected with the drug store of G. G. Burnett on Montgomery street, near California, will be associated with Mr. Barrington, in the management of the store. As both the proprietors are young men well known in this city, enjoying an excellent reputation, their venture is bound to meet with the success that it deserves.

DR. PARKER'S CRAWL.

He Tries to Squirm Out of the Charge of Thievery He Made Against Reporters.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, pastor of the City Temple of London, who, in a letter to The Times, denounced as thieves all reporters who printed sermons without consent of the preachers, has climbed down. He has not done it with good grace, says a London correspondent. In fact, his attitude now, after writing two more letters on the subject, is much less creditable than when he first gave indiscreet expression to his feelings. In the first letter he said:

"Is it right to report sermons without asking the permission of the preachers? Is it right to make a living out of another man's brains without compensating him? The preacher earns his livelihood by his sermons," etc.

This language seems clear and unequivocal, especially when combined with Dr. Parker's answer to his own questions, declaring an unauthorized reporter a thief. Not unnaturally Dr. Parker's letter aroused a storm of protest among English believers in simple New Testament Christianity. The Non-conformist conscience made things so warm for the pastor of the City Temple that he wrote a second letter to The Times.

The substance of it was simply that he meant nothing by his first letter except a protest against the inaccuracies which are sure to appear in reports of sermons unless they are revised by the preacher. He even protested that he felt hurt that anybody should be unkind enough to impute to him any other motive.

The Times, in discussing the matter, treats this second letter with the scorn it deserves. It says:

"These views of the claims of the preacher are widely divergent, unless indeed they are to be harmonized by assuming that the author's revision of the report of his sermons will be granted only for a consideration. Still we are left in considerable doubt about Dr. Parker's position. Is he concerned only about the imperfections of the report, or is he anxious about the selling value of his sermons and concerned about reporters' errors only in so far as their correction gives him a means of demanding remuneration? It may apparently become a question whether copyright vests in the man who preaches a sermon or in the congregation which pays him for preaching it. Judging from analogy, we should suppose that the buyer of a composition buys it outright unless a different arrangement has been explicitly made beforehand. This, however, is an affair between the preacher and those who pay him to preach.

"In either case we seem to have drifted a considerable distance from the ideals of the early Christian church, and perhaps equally far from the theories upon which all candidates for the cure of souls are still supposed to proceed. The identification of a money changer with a high priest might advantageously be left somewhat less complete and obtrusive."

Meantime the public controversy over the subject continues in a lively fashion.

CLAY COUNTY WINS.

It Beats Madison With a Papa of Seventy-nine and a Mama of Seventeen.

With all due deference to General Cassius Marcellus Clay, Clay county claims that it can go Madison county just a few points better in the matter of an aged groom and a juvenile bride. The admission is made that the groom was not so old as was General Clay and the bride not so young as Dora, but as things stand Clay county claims the prize.

Over a year ago Colonel P. Y. Lytle, past 75, an ex-state senator and a lawyer of some note, married a pretty mountain lass who was just 16. She was his fourth wife, but the colonel's love was as fresh and warm and young as when half a century before he had been made a groom for the first time. A few days ago he was about to make a motion before the judge when a box of safety pins fell from his pocket and caused the gentle colonel to blush like a schoolgirl. Last night he appeared at his home a little Lytle, and the young man was at once named Henry Waterson Lytle and elected a life member of the Clay County Democratic club.

The present Mrs. Lytle was named after her husband's second wife, her maiden name being Ellen Lytle Lunsford—Manchester (Ky.) Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Merely Wanted to Know.

The little girl had been fibbing and been caught in the act. Discipline was necessary, and her father, a prominent West Side politician, took her into the nursery, gave her a lecture on the sin of lying and scrubbed her mouth out thoroughly with soap and water. "Now, Winifred," he said, with fatherly firmness, as he wiped away her tears, "you will never do the like again, will you, dear?"

"No, papa," answered Winifred, checking a sob. "Have y-you soaped your mouth out since the 'lection, papa?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Parthenon.

After the recent earthquakes in Greece the Parthenon at Athens was examined by a commission to see if it had been injured. The commission now reports that, though the damage is slight, it would be well to strengthen the architraves with iron girders and to protect the building from rain, which has been causing small pieces of stone to fall over since the Acropolis was destroyed by the Venetians in the fifteenth century.—Philadelphia Press.

Echoes of the Fair.

The Java village, the streets of Cairo, old Vienna and the Dahomey people only came to their closing exhibition in the Midway plaisance on Chicago's lake front last week! It seems incredible that they should still have delighted sightseers a full year after the exposition closed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT—Milling, 82 1/2 @ 87 1/2 c; shipping grades, 87 1/2 @ 89 1/2 c; choice do, 90c. BARLEY—Feed, 52 1/2 @ 54 c; new brewing, 54 1/2 @ 56 c; choice do, 56 1/2 @ 58 c. OATS—Off grades of feed, 25 1/2 @ 27 c; good to choice, 28 1/2 @ 30 c; fancy, 31 1/2 @ 33 c; surplus, 31 1/2 @ 33 c; milling, 34 1/2 @ 36 c; straw, 24 1/2 @ 26 c.

CORN—Large yellow, 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2 c; small do, 12 1/4 @ 13 1/4 c; white, 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2 c. BEANS—Peas, 34 1/2 @ 36 c; stock, 37 1/2 @ 39 c; 1st; bayo, 31 1/2 @ 33 c; small white, 32 1/2 @ 34 c; large do, 32 1/2 @ 34 c; butter, 17 1/2 @ 19 c; Lima, 14 1/2 @ 16 c; red, 16 1/2 @ 18 c.

SEEDS—Rape, 14 1/2 @ 16 c; hemp, 32 1/2 @ 34 c; for import; do California, nominal; faxseed, 2 1/2 @ 3 c; alfalfa, 9c for Utah; mustard, 2 1/2 @ 3 c for yellow and 2 1/2 @ 3 c for brown. HAY—Wheat, 34 1/2 @ 36 c; ton; wheat and oat, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; stock, 27 1/2 @ 29 c; alfalfa, 77 1/2 @ 80 c; barley, 18 1/2 @ 20 c; clover, 20 1/2 @ 22 c; oat, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; compressed, 18 1/2 @ 20 c.

STRAW—30 1/2 @ 32 c bale. HOPS—Nominally 24 1/2 @ 26 c for '93 and 26 1/2 @ 28 c for '94.

BUCKWHEAT—11 1/2 @ 13 c ctl. RYE—90 1/2 @ 92 c ctl.

DRYED PEAS—11 1/2 @ 13 c ctl.

Mill Products.

FLOUR—Family extra, 34 1/2 @ 36 c 50 lb; bakers' extra, 33 1/2 @ 35 c; superfine, 32 1/2 @ 34 c. BRAN—From 13 1/2 @ 15 c 50 lb ton for home product.

MIDDLINGS—From 18 1/2 @ 20 c 50 lb ton. FEED CORN—From 22 1/2 @ 24 c 50 lb ton. CRACKED CORN—From 23 1/2 @ 25 c 50 lb ton. OILCAKE MEAL—31 1/2 @ 33 c 50 lb ton from mill; jobbing at 33 c.

CORRIN SAMP MEAL—28 1/2 @ 30 c 50 lb ton. Various—Cash prices for 10-lb sacks: Cracked Wheat, 34c; Rye Flour, 34c; Rye Meal, 34c; Buckwheat Flour, 34c; Oatmeal, 44c; Oat Flour, 34c; Hominy, 44c; Rice Flour, 44c; Farina, 44c; Pearl Barley, 44c; Split Peas, 34c; Rolled Oats, 34c; Buckwheat Groats, 34c; Graham Flour, 34c.

Vegetables.

Onions—35 1/2 @ 37 c ctl. Potatoes—From 22 1/2 @ 24 c ctl in sacks for Early Rose; 23 1/2 @ 25 c for river Burbanks and 25 1/2 @ 27 c for Sa mas Burbanks; Sweet, 50 1/2 @ 52 c. Various—Lima Beans, 23c; String Beans, 23c; Green Peppers, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; Cucumbers, 14 1/2 @ 16 c; do for pickling 10 1/2 @ 12 c; 100 lbs for No. 1, and 150 1/2 @ 16 c for No. 2; Summer Squash, 50 1/2 @ 52 c; Tomatoes, 25 1/2 @ 27 c; Dried Onions, 12 1/2 @ 14 c; Egg Plant, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; Cauliflower, 15 1/2 @ 17 c; do; Cabbage, 50 1/2 @ 52 c; Beets, 50c; Turnips, 50c; Carrots, 50c.

Fruits and Nuts.

FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; cherries, 40 1/2 @ 42 c; Raspberries, 40 1/2 @ 42 c. Apples—33 1/2 @ 35 c; plums, 35 1/2 @ 37 c; prunes, 40 1/2 @ 42 c; Bartlett pears, 70 1/2 @ 72 c; peaches, 15 1/2 @ 17 c; do; bakts and 25 1/2 @ 27 c for bakts; Grapes—Muscat, 25 1/2 @ 27 c; Rose of Peru, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; (fancy in crates, 50c); Black Hamburg and Malvoisie, 25 1/2 @ 27 c; Tokay, 50 1/2 @ 52 c; Melons—Watermelon, 14 1/2 @ 16 c; cantaloupes, 10c @ 12 c; crate; Nutmeg Melons, 25 1/2 @ 27 c.

Figs—Black, 50 1/2 @ 52 c; do white, 35c; neotaries, red, 40 1/2 @ 42 c; do white, nominal.

Lemons—California, 22 1/2 @ 24 c; do for fair to choice; fancy Santa Barbara and Santa Paula, 24 1/2 @ 26 c; Mexican limes, 30 1/2 @ 32 c.

Various—Bananas, 11 1/2 @ 13 c bunch; pineapples, 34 1/2 @ 36 c; do for Honolulu.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, 74 1/2 @ 76 c; Apples, evaporated, 60 1/2 @ 62 c; dried, sliced, 40 1/2 @ 42 c; peaches, bleached, 60 1/2 @ 62 c.

Old crop—Pears, 54 1/2 @ 56 c for bleached halves; do qrs, 44 1/2 @ 46 c; plums, pitted, 34 1/2 @ 36 c; black figs, do pressed, 24 1/2 @ 26 c; do unpressed, 2c; do ungraded, 24 1/2 @ 26 c; prunes, 44 1/2 @ 46 c for graded and 36 1/2 @ 38 c for ungraded.

NUTS—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 82 1/2 @ 84 c; do; do papershell, 84 1/2 @ 86 c; do hardshell, 84 1/2 @ 86 c; standard, 82 1/2 @ 84 c; walnuts, California, softshell, 14 1/2 @ 16 c; do papershell, 14 1/2 @ 16 c; do hardshell, 14 1/2 @ 16 c; do No. 2, 44 1/2 @ 46 c; do Chile, 74 1/2 @ 76 c; Brazil, 60 1/2 @ 62 c; Filberts, 84 1/2 @ 86 c; Pecans, 18 1/2 @ 20 c; Pignuts, Mexican, 18 1/2 @ 20 c; peanuts, 54 1/2 @ 56 c; hickory, nominal; coconuts, 35 1/2 @ 37 c.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 21 1/2 @ 23 c; fancy dairy, 18 1/2 @ 20 c; good to choice, 16 1/2 @ 18 c; common, 12 1/2 @ 14 c; pickled roll, 17 1/2 @ 19 c; creamery in tubs, 19 1/2 @ 21 c; firkins, 15 1/2 @ 17 c.

CHEESE—California, 20 1/2 @ 22 c; do for flats; Young America, 19 1/2 @ 21 c; Eastern, 13 1/2 @ 15 c.

TOURKEYS—Jobbing prices, Comb, clear white, 11 1/2 @ 13 c; do; do dark to light, nominal; water white, extracted, 40 1/2 @ 42 c; light amber do, 64 1/2 @ 66 c; dark amber do, 54 1/2 @ 56 c.

BEEF.

POULTRY—Hens, 34 1/2 @ 36 c; do; broilers, 32 1/2 @ 34 c; fryers, 31 1/2 @ 33 c; roosters, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; for young; do old, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; geese, 50 1/2 @ 52 c; pair; ducks, 30 1/2 @ 32 c; do; turkeys, alive, 11 1/2 @ 13 c; do; pigeons, 11 1/2 @ 13 c; do for young and 11 1/2 @ 13 c for old.

EGGS—California, 24 1/2 @ 26 c; do for fair to choice; ranch, 24 1/2 @ 26 c; Eastern, 24 1/2 @ 26 c.

Denver merchants are complaining of unfair discrimination on the part of railroads.

The unlucky ship Ericsson has now to wait for castings for new cylinders before the speed trial can take place.

There is a great rush to Keystone, S. D., and every place of shelter is crowded, including stables and sheds. The recent gold find there has created intense excitement.

Dr. Horace S. Grant of Fresno, Cal., created a sensation at Lansing, Mich., by offering himself as a candidate for United States senator. He has been adjudged insane on politics.

The box office receipts of the lecture of Congressman Breckinridge at Cincinnati were seized on a recent night by an attorney who claimed the money was due him for services in taking depositions in the Pollard case.

Charles H. Shepard has begun suit against State Senator John F. O'Malley of Illinois for \$50,000 damages. Shepard is the cabman who was shot by O'Malley on election day and was made a cripple for life.

Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANCISCO Savings Union, 522 California Street, corner of Webb—For the half year ending with the 31st of December 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8/10) percent per annum on term deposits, and four (4) percent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY the 2nd of January 1895.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society, 528 California Street—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) percent per annum on term deposits and four and one-tenth (4 1/10) percent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, Sec.

Dr. Jerome A. Hughes

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Sundays, 8 to 10 a. m.

42 OAK STREET, San Francisco

AMERICA LEADS THE WORLD

Just so with the

GREAT AMERICAN IMPORTING TEA CO'S

Teas,
Coffees,
Spices,

Crockery,
Chinaware,
Glassware.

They lead all others for

SUPERIOR LOWEST
QUALITY. PRICES.

Handsome presents Given Away,
Free to All.

140 Sixth street
1419 Polk street
521 Montgomery ave
3006 Sixteenth street
2008 Fillmore street
522 Kearny street
965 Market street
333 Hayes street
218 Third street
104 Second street
146 Ninth street
2510 Mission street
124 Fourth street
52 to 58 Market

San
Francisco
Stores

OAKLAND
ALAMEDA

Kohler & Chase

Kohler & Chase

keep in stock all the leading makes of PIANOS, offering unequalled advantages to customers who are seeking the best instruments at the lowest possible prices.

1013 BROADWAY,
OAKLAND, Cal.

Frank T. Shea

WIM D. Shea

Shea & Shea

ARCHITECTS

6 Montgomery St., San Francisco

Telephone 911.

Painless Extraction a Specialty!

DENTISTRY

In all its Branches.

Dr. T. H. Morris,

SURGEON DENTIST

47 POST STREET

Rooms 1, 2 and

MY WISH.

Mine be an humble cot of brown,
Just on the outskirts of the town,
Where, by the busy world forgot,
Content shall bless my peaceful lot.

A faroff fragrance, fresh and faint,
Shall tell my garden, old and quaint,
Rare hothouse plants you'll find not there,
Just simple blossoms sweet and fair.

The little birds on swaying boughs
Shall there repeat their tender vows,
And if the wee things be so willed,
They're welcome there their homes to build.

Thus would I pass my span of life,
Far from the bustle and the strife,
Content to toll from morn to night,
Aye, love makes labor so light,
—Kathleen Kavanagh.

WANDERING SPIRITS.

It was the festival of the Wandering Spirits in Amoy. Usually the day is warm and balmy. The breeze from the great Formosa channel flaps the lower bay with silver dashes and flaunts every flag upon the numerous junks which lie in the water edge of that populous city. But this year it was different. Gray clouds hung over the universe, and a cold and cheerless wind from the north made a fire positively agreeable despite the fact that the place lies almost within the tropics.

In a small house near Banyan villa lived a poor Chinese family. The father, Tan Sin, was away at the time on the tea gardens of Formosa, where he went every year to earn the little money that supported his household. The mother, Ah Ho, a bright-eyed and pretty woman, was at home nursing the baby. It had been very sick for several days, so sick that the ordinary medicines had produced no result. Ah Ho had been compelled to call in an aged and distinguished physician from Amoy.

The wise man had examined the infant, shaken his head, given some mysterious drugs, again shaken his head and gone off in his chair carried by four stout coolies. Before he went he said to Tai, the old family servant, "That is a very sick child, and I am afraid it will not live until tomorrow."

After he had gone Ah Ho cooked the drugs into a tea and administered it in the patient and mechanical manner which is so characteristic of the people in the east.

As the afternoon wore on the baby grew worse. The little face became wan and pinched, the eyes closed as if tired with the weight of the eyelids, and the feeble pulse beat more slowly and slowly. Tai got ready the simple evening meal, but Ah Ho could not eat. It was her only child, and this was the first time that she had ever been face to face with the great mystery we call death. The old servant lit the lamps, and then remembering it was the night of the Wandering Spirits lit a handful of joss sticks and placed them in groups of three upon the mantelpiece in the sick-room, in the ancient bronze vase before the ancestral tablets and in the wainscoting of the door opening into the quadrangular yard. As she did the last she looked up and noticed that the sacred talisman which had been fastened to the wall early in the morning had either dropped off or been blown away. When she noticed the fact, she trembled and began to weep. It was her duty to have seen that the talisman remained where it was. The moment it fell the house became open to any evil spirit that might be passing, and this was the day and the night of the Wandering Spirits.

She looked about the quadrangle and finally found the yellow cardboard inscribed with the curved characters of a language that died 7,000 years ago, when a greater and wiser race had ruled in the faroff districts of Quin Lun. She picked it up and with her palsied fingers read it to the wall. She looked sideways in through the doorway and saw Ah Ho sitting there crooning a love song over the sick child, and saw the child's face thinner and paler than before. There came a terrible fright over Tai's mind. It might be that through her carelessness some wicked spirit had entered the house and was about to carry away the soul of the little one.

The old woman wrung her hands and mumbled a prayer to Buddha. Then she stood still with her old head bowed down upon her breast and tried to think. The medicine had done no good. The joss sticks and the talisman had been of no avail. There was no doubt that the little boy in the room beyond must cross the sacred river. Then she remembered the great English doctor who lived in Kulangsu. He was an eminent man, who made more money in a day than a Chinese mechanic could make in a year. He lived in a palace and had a retinue of servants in beautiful uniforms who said that he knew more than all the Chinese doctors in Amoy together.

Once before, when she was sick with death, he had taken pity upon her and had visited her miserable abode. He had given her costly medicine and shown her strange instruments, and she had recovered. This was the only man who could be of any benefit to her little master. But could he be induced to come? Ah Ho had neither money nor jewels, and as for herself her sole possessions were the clothes she wore and another suit which hung near her bedside.

Would he come? He must come! She would bring him! She did not know how she could do it, but inspired by love she felt that if she could but see him and talk to him a moment he would come to the house and bring with him that which would make the child strong and well once more.

It had grown dark by this time, and the clouds had become heavier and heavier. Grasping her old walking stick, she started out into the night in search of the English surgeon.

The sick child had grown heavier as the hours rolled by. Ah Ho had fallen into a dose, seeing nothing but the baby's face in her arms. Of a sudden she started, looked at the child and broke into a passionate scream. The feeble pulse no longer seemed to beat, and the

hands were turning cold. Then she remembered it was the night of the Wandering Spirits and fell upon her knees with her face toward the little Buddha altar in the corner of the room. She began her prayer as she had been taught when a little girl by her mother, but the words sounded flat and hollow as they were uttered. She burst into a frenzied appeal to Buddha and all the good spirits, her voice broken with sobs and her eyes blinded with tears. As she prayed, the wind, which had increased in volume as the evening wore on, seemed to change into a confused mass of sounds, and the sounds to separate into voices. Some were whispers whose accents fell upon her ear strangely familiar; others were wild wails of people dying in some dreadful catastrophe; others again were songs of ineffable sweetness, while still others were like the notes of birds. The sounds ever deepened and varied. The prattling of children, the noise of boys at play, the hubbub of the market place, the chant of the singer, the call of the soldier, the shout of the sampan man mingled and yet were separate and apart. Then the air grew lighter and began to break into shadowy faces and forms. Some she half recognized, and some were utter strangers, some smiled upon her with love, and others glared with the fierce eyes of a tiger, but as she prayed the discordant sounds died away, and the ugly looks and cruel faces dimmed and vanished. She was surrounded by thousands of spirits who loved her and her baby and who seemed to be bearing them up and away into the heavens toward the stars. Then there came a great light, like the sun rising over the mountains of Amoy, and the walls vanished, and she became unconscious.

It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when Dr. Hugh McDowdle buttoned up his coat and said goodby to Cassius Blank, one of the tea kings of the east. Mr. Blank was a charming gentleman, who, by careful cultivation of Old Burgundy, Comet ports and matchless cherries had succeeded in getting his system into that simple condition which is best described as being bounded by gout on one side, hobnail liver on the other, with a sprinkling of indigestion between. He required a physician at least twice a week, not so much to treat any particular disorder as to prevent the disorder which was always about to attack him. He had a keen appreciation of the doctor, who, besides being a master of his profession, was as charming a companion as the good Scotch universities have ever graduated. The doctor said good night and went out on the veranda. His chair and porters were waiting for him, but he preferred to walk the brief distance that lay between him and his home.

There had been a change of weather since dinner time. The wind had died out, the clouds had disappeared, and the blue sky of the tropics seemed all the bluer and darker from the numberless stars that shone down upon the Chinese landscape.

As he swung around the road near Banyan villa an old woman tottered toward him and almost fell upon the ground from sheer exhaustion. He recognized her as the servant of a poor Chinese family in the neighborhood and asked her kindly what her trouble was. Tai gave an incoherent statement, in which she mixed the description of the night and the sickness with a pathetic appeal for his assistance.

It took five minutes for the doctor and his head porter to make out what the old servant meant, and then with his customary gallantry he told her that he would go to the house immediately and would let her act as his guide. She gasped: "I'm too weak, doctor. You go ahead, and I will follow you."

He walked rapidly forward to the half open door of Tai's house and passed in. On the floor lay Ah Ho and the baby, both seemingly dead. He took in the situation at a glance. He had the woman raised into her bed and gave her some sleeping potion which he luckily had brought with him. He then turned to the baby, and after half an hour's hard work succeeded in restoring its animation. He laid the little one in its mother's arms, and leaving a small amount of money in case she should be in need he placed one of his coolies on guard and then went home.

Toward 5 in the morning the baby began to manifest symptoms of hunger. The chair coolie smiled grimly and placed the child where nature could do the rest. The arms of the sleeping mother closed convulsively over the frail body, and the room lapsed into silence, broken only by an occasional gurgling sound beneath the coverlet where the two reposed.

The coolie sat still for another hour, one-half of his mind fixed upon the little pile of coins the good doctor had left and the other half upon a dim and fantastic idea of duty. Then he rose, put the money into some recess of his coat and disappeared for the gambling house on the main road. Shortly after that the sun rose and bathed Amoy in unutterable splendor. The gold and scarlet went through the narrow windows of Ah Ho's house and painted the rooms in hues and tints worthy of a mandarin. A clear morning breeze stole through the casements and shook the little colored papers that hung around the altar where she had knelt the night before. From the street came the noise of the busy world outside. Ah Ho woke with a start and a gasp, and then burst into a great smile shot through with tears as she saw the sleeping child in her arms with a pulse no longer feeble or uncertain. She knew that the Wandering Spirits had heard her prayer and had preserved her babe.

But in the yard lay the body of Tai, the old servant, and on her aged face were a light and a beauty such as shine within the celestial walls, but are never seen on living beings.

That afternoon the old astrologer said that Tai had given up her life to the Wandering Spirits in order to save the life of the little master that she loved. —W. E. S. Fales.

FASCINATION BY SNAKES.

The Tongue Play of the Reptiles a Lure For Their Prey.

The pheasants which formed the subjects of the following observations were hatched out in an incubator from eggs kindly given me by Sir Cecil Miles. The eggs were taken from the hen and transferred to the incubator a few days before the young birds were due to emerge.

Two pheasants were hatched out at about 3 p. m. That evening, at about 6:30, a finely chopped egg was placed before them, but they showed no signs of pecking at it, nor did they peck at grain or sand next morning at 11 a. m. At 4 p. m. they began to peck, but seized very little. One struck repeatedly at a crumb of egg on the other's back, but failed to seize it, though the other bird was quite still.

The little birds showed no signs of fear of me. They liked to nestle in my warm hand. My fox terrier was keen to get at them, much keener than with chicks, probably through scent suggestion. I placed two of the young pheasants, about a day old, on the floor and let him smell them, under strict orders not to touch them. He was trembling in every limb from excitement. But they showed no signs of fear, though his nose was within an inch of them. When the pheasants were a week old, I procured a large blindworm and placed it in front of the incubator drawer in which the birds slept at night. On opening the drawer they jumped out as usual and ran over the blindworm without taking any notice of it. Presently first one, then another, pecked vigorously at the forked tongue as it played in and out of the blindworm's mouth. Subsequently they pecked at its eye and the end of its tail.

This observation naturally leads one to surmise that the constant tongue play in snakes may act as a lure for young and inexperienced birds, and that some cases of so called fascination may be simply the fluttering of birds round this tempting object. I distinctly remember, when a boy, seeing a grass snake, with head slightly elevated and quite motionless, and round it three or four young birds fluttering nearer and nearer. It looked like fascination. It may have been that each hoped to be the first to catch that tempting but elusive worm! Presently they would no doubt be invited to step inside.—Nature.

HE HAD A NEW THING.

And Genius, as It Always the Case, Got Its Reward.

Two men were seated at a small table near the front door waiting for their sandwiches and coffee when they were approached by a shabby stranger, who touched his hat and said:

"Gentlemen, may I ask a favor of one of you?"

They were silent. It was no new experience to them. "What I wished to ask was, gentlemen," continued the stranger, "how to spell the word balloon."

"Yes, gentlemen. I got into a discussion with a friend, who says there is but one 'l.' I maintain there are two." "Your friend's right," said one of the men at the table.

"No, he isn't," retorted the other. "You're right. Two 'l's."

"Let me see, now," said the first. "B-a-l-double-o-n-balloon. I think you're wrong, Bill, and that this man's friend wins the bet."

"It's no bet," said the shabby stranger. "We simply got into an argument for an argument. If I had a pocket dictionary, I could tell in a minute. Gentlemen, would one of you loan me a dime with which to purchase one?"

They looked at him coldly for a moment and then each pulled out a dime and gave it to him.

"You're a good thing," said the first one. "Yes, you've got something new," added the other.

But the shabby stranger did not smile. He simply thanked them, and said he would buy one for his friend also.—Chicago Record.

Orchids For Cut Flowers.

So many beautiful flowers drop their petals soon after cutting that they are out of favor with purchasers. The efforts of florists are generally in the direction of introducing such flowers as will hold their own for some time after cutting. It is possibly one of the leading advantages of the carnation that it lasts so long on the parlor table, and this is found to be true with many species of orchids which are coming into favor for cutting purposes, quite as much on account of their persistence as on account of their rarity and sweetness. In this closely related family the cypripedium is found particularly valuable. There are not only persistence, sweetness and curious features in the forms and colors of the flowers, but they also have the long stems which enable the American florists to use them without the necessity of lavishly stemming them.—Meehan's Monthly.

Free Lunch With a String to It.

In most of the free lunch places down town there is a nickel in the slot machine device, which is placed in close proximity to the lunch. So big is the gambling propensity in most men that they will frequently drop enough nickels into one of these machines to pay for a square meal and never "win out." These machines more than pay for the lunches set up by the proprietor.—Chicago Tribune.

Bursting Flywheels.

From a recent discussion regarding the bursting of flywheels it appears that, although a sudden change in momentum, as from putting on a load, may fracture the arms, it is probable that centrifugal stress from increased speed is a far more prevalent cause of flywheel accidents.—New York News.

DIGGING TUNNELS.

THE PRESSURE MEN BEAR WHILE WORKING UNDER WATER.

Peculiar Sensations and Sometimes Fatal Results—Tunneling Through a Water Hole Under the Hudson River—Interesting Talk With an Air Lock Worker.

Laboring on the firm earth, with "all out of doors" to breathe, perspiring and mkyhap grumbling at one's hard luck, a person seldom, if ever, stops to think that men work day after day deep down in the water or the mud, with none but artificial light to guide their movements and only the air that is pumped to breathe.

People who work in the open air would have only to work for a short time in a diver's suit, a caisson or an air lock, getting a taste of what it is like and how it feels, to be cured forever of grumbling at their lot and to thank their lucky stars that it has been ordained that they work on top of the earth. The work of a diver, his sensations while under water and his experiences have often been written about, but those of the air lock and caisson worker have not. While he does not face the danger of fouling pipes and lines, as does the diver, he stays down longer, gets warmer, and his great danger lies in the stagnation of blood and paralysis, resulting from the change of atmosphere.

Mr. R. C. Rapier of East Cambridge is an air lock worker and talks most interestingly. His work was mainly in the air locks used in building the great Hudson river tunnel. To a reporter he talked of some of the sensations, dangers and experiences. He said that, while a man working on the surface of the earth bears up an atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to the inch, men in the locks bear a pressure of from 15 to 50 pounds of compressed air, according to the depth. The heaviest pressure ever worked under was borne by five divers on the Swedish coast—65 pounds. Four of these died five minutes after coming out.

While as a general thing the diver stands not nearly that amount of pressure and seldom stays down more than two hours, the men in the Hudson river tunnel stood a pressure of from 45 to 46½ pounds and worked in four hour shifts. Some men staid down 20 hours at a stretch, but did not work all the time, and Superintendent Haskins once staid down 24 hours. The sensations experienced are peculiar. When a man first steps in, there is a tingling in the ears and a pain in the head, and when he talks it is apparently through the nose. This is caused by the pressure, and the remedy is to hold the nose, close the mouth and blow against the ears. This relieves the pain and stops the sensation. When the pressure is all on the worker feels all right and experiences no discomfort. Then there is a sort of exhilaration, and a man does more work in the lock than he could do outside.

Another peculiar thing about the action of the pressure is that a man may have liquor enough aboard when outside to just make him feel jolly, but when he steps into the lock he is as drunk as a loon. The danger lies in coming out of the pressure into the open air. It is then that a man is apt to suffer from stagnation of the blood and paralysis, caused by the change of atmosphere. Besides this a man may be attacked in the head or stomach with severe pains. Three out of five cases where the head and stomach are attacked result fatally.

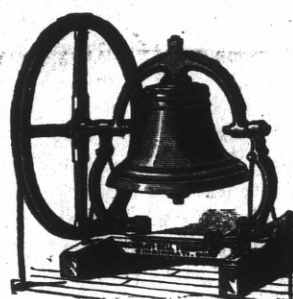
Another severe malady resulting from the change is what is called the bends. This is the air getting in between the flesh and the bone. It is extremely painful and so severe that a quart of whisky administered in half an hour would not intoxicate the patient. The stagnation and paralysis are the worst dangers and do the work quickly. Many men have been keeled over by these causes, and not a few die. Old timers at the business sometimes get caught. Mr. Rapier himself was twice attacked. The remedy for this paralysis is a quick return to the air lock. The effect of the pressure varies on animals, as is shown by the mules used in the Hudson river tunnel. Some of these beasts are kept at work down below for a year, and on being brought up are worth more than when they were taken down. Others that had only been in the works four months had to be killed.

The men as a general thing do not remain a great many years at the business, and a man should never work at it after he is 40 years of age. Cutting a hole and building a tunnel through water is an extremely difficult thing and by many was thought to be impossible. Still it was done in the case of the Hudson river tunnel, and the method, as told by Mr. Rapier, is very interesting. The work on the tunnel had progressed until a body of water was struck. How to tunnel through this hole of water was a puzzling question. It was done in this way. A so called balloon was constructed by making a netting of wire rope and covering this netting with canvas. The interior of the balloon was then filled with blue clay and salt hay. When filled, the balloon, 30 feet in diameter, weighed 140 tons. The hole of water was then located, and with the aid of a huge steam derrick the balloon was dropped into the hole. Then several sowsloads of dirt were dumped down on to the balloon, and the whole thing was left to settle.

At the end of ten days the work of cutting through the balloon was begun. This was a very difficult job. An idea of what hard cutting it was may be gained from the fact that it took two months to dig through the 80 feet. The plates and brick were going in as the work progressed.—Boston Herald.

How He Got Blind.

Tramp—Please help the blind. Passenger—How did you become blind? Tramp—Looking for work, sir.—Dallas Times-Herald.



"BLYMYER" BELLS

We are the sole makers of these Celebrated Bells FOR CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM, &c. In buying a "Blymyer" bell you will get for the same money a better bell—richer and sweeter in tone, one that can be heard further, and more durable—than of any other make whatsoever.

Our claims for the superiority of the "Blymyer" bells are amply supported by the disinterested testimony of several thousand purchasers throughout the United States and Canada. We give over 1,800 of these testimonials in our Catalogue.

THE CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO., CINCINNATI, O. SUCCESSORS IN BELLS TO THE BLYMYER MFG CO.

JAMES LINFORTH,

General Agent for Pacific Coast.

37 MARKET STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Brooklyn Hotel

208 to 212 Bush St., bet. Montgomery and Sansome, S. F. Cal.

This favorite Hotel is under the experienced management of Charles Montgomery, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Man's Hotel in San Francisco. Board and Room, per day, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2. Board and Room per week, \$6 to \$12. Board and Room per month, \$25 to \$50. Single Rooms, 50 cents to \$1. FREE COACHES to and from the Hotel.

Chas. F. Fletcher

Elmer E. Johnson

ALAMEDA

Steam & Laundry Association.

2245 Railroad Ave. Alameda, Cal.

J. T. FLEMING

Attorney-at-Law

530 California St. San Francisco

Rooms 9 and 10.

Savings' Union Building.

RESIDENCE: 1433 High Street, Alameda.

DR. LUDLUM HILL.

1443 MARKET STREET, between Tenth and Eleventh. No charge for extraction when plates are made. Old plates made over like new. Teeth from \$8 per set. Extracting, 50 cts. Gas given.



PURE BEESWAX

CANDLES

STEARINE CANDLES

TAPERS, ETC.

Pure Inocuous and Artificial Candles. Light Day Sanitary Oil, Pure Olive Oil. Orders taken for Tapers and Candles, imported to order free of duty.

GALLAGHER BROS.

319 California Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

LIPPI BROS.

Manufacturers of Picture Frames, Mirrors, Etc.

DEALERS in Religious Pictures, Prayer Books, Rosaries, Scapulars, Statues, etc. We make a specialty of enlarging Pictures in CRAYON, INDIA INK, or WATER COLORS from any small size photographs to a beautiful large size portrait at the very lowest prices and guaranteed the finest work in the city. Picture Frames for Portraits at half price.

1390 MARKET STREET.

Bet. Jones St. and City Hall Ave. S. F.

JOHN F. LYONS

NOTARY PUBLIC

—AND—

Commissioner of Deeds for All States and Territories

Passports Procured

Office, 607 Montgomery St.

Telephone 5439

Notarial Business can be transacted after business hours at his residence, 2202 Steiner Street, next N. E. corner Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

GEORGE GOODMAN

Patentee and Manufacturer of

Artificial Stone

In all its Branches

Schillinger's Patent

Sidewalk Garden Walk } A Specialty

Office, 307 Montgomery St.

NEVADA BLOCK SAN FRANCISCO.

E. J. LEONARD, M. D.

Physician and surgeon

OFFICE HOURS: LLOYD AVE., 11 to 1, 3 to 5, 7 to 8. FRUITVALE, CAL.

DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A SPECIALTY.

Telephone, 715 BELL.

A. WALDTUEFEL

Established in 1856.

History Building: 721 Market St.

SPECIAL AGENT FOR

F. Pustet & Co.; the Catholic Publication Co.; Benziger Bros.; D. & J. Sadler & Co.; The Stolzenberg Co.; Burns & Oats, London.

Kelly's Universal, Young Catholic.

Sadler's Excelsior, and Gilmore's Catholic National Readers, Dehar's Catechism, Spaulding's Bible Histories.

Vestments, Brass Goods and Statuary, Small Religious Articles, Candles, Oils, etc.

EDUCATIONAL.

Santa Clara College

Santa Clara, Cal.

This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a university. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive shady playgrounds, covered gymnasium, swimming pond, etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has also practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Telegraphy and Commercial Business. Diplomas are given in the Classical Department, and certificates in the Commercial Course. Terms (payable semi-annually in advance)—Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, \$15. Board, lodging, tuition in all branches, washing, medical attendance and medicine, baths, etc., per session of ten months, \$350. For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignace College, 213 Hayes street, San Francisco. Illustrated Catalogue of the College free on application to REV. JOSEPH RIORDAN, S. J., President.

St. Joseph's Academy

A select boarding school for boys under fifteen years of age. Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Fifth and Jackson Sts., Oakland, Cal. Parents or guardians intending to send their children or wards to a boarding school need but visit the Academy to be convinced that this institution admirably supplies a place hitherto vacant in the Collegiate System of education in this State. Pupils are received at any time during the terms. Payments, invariably in advance: Board, washing and mending linen, tuition, medical attendance, use of bedding, books and stationery, per term of five months, \$150. Extras: Music: Piano, per month, \$8. For further particulars apply to BROTHER HUGH, Director.

Notra Dame College

San Jose, Cal.

Founded 1851. Incorporated 1855.

Studies resumed August 7, 1894.

Apply for Prospectus to SISTER SUPERIOR.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR THE

California

Catholic

HER PHOTOS

You are posing for a photo. But I vow you are a fool. On the morn that you How the sun enjoyed Lucky Boli I feel quite That he turned an angel When he couldn't catch a Of your winsome eye

I gaze upon your face. Fairer none will ever be. I'm glad that I'm not For you know that Do you like my jest? Pretty picture, let it be. I am tempted much to Oh, you wretched ph

All the world proclaim I can well believe it. Yet there is a look ab Wakes my pity for t You mock them when And their wounds y And you're lacking in For the pangs you m

Alas, I'm growing old And you're much to Who could blame a pr That he's not sad an Like the roses and th You were born the And the men, like still Should be taught th

It is theirs to kneel be It is yours to be ad But the beauty are st And I'm sure you're So for fear I, too, may Just a wish, and then May the skies that bea Match your winsome —Samuel Minturn Peck in B

HIS CLEVELAND

Augustine Lafont was agent of a large banking Early in the spring of from Paris with bills, no to the amount of 1,000 a house in Chaumont. had been observed in of his journey, as the that time infested by a tion of thieves. Lafont concealed in various par and taking the heavy y best mode of conveyan his mission.

Nothing worthy of t Lafont's attention pressed nearly through of the Seine-et-Marne, nightfall two well der hailed the diligence an sage to Chaumont. It dark for the agent to features of the newcome what little he could see up his mind that they were not unfamiliar to come to this conclusion to watch their move ment suspicion that they had become possessed of his took possession of his m The diligence crossed gent and there remained as soon as Lafont had examined the countenanc ers at the supper

HER PHOTOGRAPH.

You are posing for a lazzie,
But I vow you are an elf.
On the morn that you were taken
The sun enjoyed himself!
Lucky Boli! I feel quite certain
That he turned an azure blue
When he couldn't catch the color
Of your winsome eyes of blue.

I gaze upon your features—
Fairer none will ever find.
I'm glad that I'm not Cupid,
For you know that Cupid's blind.
Do you like my jest? You're smiling.
Pretty picture, let us laugh.
I'm tempted much to kiss you—
Oh, you witching photograph!

All the world proclaims you charming.
I can well believe it so.
Yet there is a look about you
Wakes my pity for the beau.
You mock them when their hearts ache
And their wounds you seem to heal,
And you're lacking in compassion
For the pangs you never feel.

Alas, I'm growing solemn,
And you're much too sweet to scold.
Who could blame a pretty blossom
That it is not sad and cold?
Like the roses and the lilies
You were born the earth to grace,
And the men, like silly mothlings,
Should be taught their humble place.

It is theirs to kneel before you,
It is yours to be adored.
But the beaux are stupid beings,
And I'm sure you're often bored.
So for fear I, too, may bore you,
Just a wish, and then adieu—
May the skies that beam above you
Match your winsome eyes of blue!

—Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

HIS CLEVER RUSE.

Augustine Lafont was the confidential agent of a large banking house in Paris. Early in the spring of 1893 he set out from Paris with bills, notes, drafts, etc., to the amount of 1,000,000 francs, for a house in Chaumont. Much secrecy had been observed in the preparations of his journey, as the kingdom was at that time infested by a secret organization of thieves. Lafont had the notes concealed in various parts of his dress, and taking the heavy diligence as the best mode of conveyance he set out on his mission.

Nothing worthy of note occurred to arrest Lafont's attention until he had passed nearly through the department of the Seine-et-Marne, when just at nightfall two well dressed gentlemen hailed the diligence and claimed passage to Chaumont. It was already too dark for the agent to distinguish the features of the newcomers, but yet from what little he could see he at once made up his mind that their countenances were not unfamiliar to him, and having come to this conclusion he determined to watch their movements, for a vague suspicion that they had by some means become possessed of his secret business took possession of his mind.

The diligence crossed the Seine at Nogent and there remained for the night. As soon as Lafont had opportunity to examine the countenances of the strangers at the supper table he became satisfied that his first impressions were correct, for one of the travelers at least he had seen in Paris on the day before his departure, and he could not but notice that they both eyed him with marked interest.

After supper the agent lighted his cigar and walked out on to the bridge, where he remained nearly half an hour, at the end of which time he started back toward the inn, and just as he arrived at the door he noticed his two companions entering the stable door.

Prompted by a feeling of curiosity, he followed them, and as he came round by the stable door he could just see the two men crouching away in an empty stall.

With a stealthy, catlike tread he approached, and he was fortunate enough to make out the gist of their conversation.

When Lafont left the stable, he knew that the two men had left Paris for the purpose of robbing him, and that they intended to put their plan in execution as soon as the diligence should have entered the department of the Upper Marne.

He returned to the inn, and after considerable reflection he determined to procure a horse and secretly continue his journey. Having come to this conclusion, he went to the driver of the diligence, and under the plea of having to remain in Nogent on special business for a day or two he settled his fare thus far. Then he went to the stable and ordered a horse to be in readiness for him by 8 o'clock in the morning, at the same time enjoining upon the groom the strictest secrecy with regard to his movements.

As soon as these arrangements were made Lafont retired to his room. He of course knew that his secret had leaked out, and even in his proposed course was not entirely free from danger. A million francs was a large sum, and if the two Parisian robbers had set their hearts upon its possession he had yet some work to perform ere he would be entirely free from them. Last of all, a new idea struck him, and obtaining a number of papers he neatly folded them in an envelope, which he strongly sealed and bound with a blue ribbon.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, while it was yet very dark and before any one else was stirring, Lafont quietly descended from his room and went to the stable. The groom was easily aroused, and in a few moments the agent was on his way to Chaumont.

For two hours he rode on his way, but instead of pursuing the highroad from Troyes he again crossed the Seine and kept along by the banks of the Aube. Daylight was just beginning to streak the heavens when Lafont thought he heard the sound of horses behind him, and it was not long ere he knew that he was being pursued, and in ten minutes he was assured that the two robbers were after him.

In a moment the agent leaped from the saddle, and seizing a heavy stone he inflicted a severe bruise upon one of his horse's fore legs. The animal reared and plunged, but Lafont managed to hold him, again mounted and rode on, but the horse limped and staggered be-

neath the effects of the blow he had received, and in a short time the robbers came up.

"Ah, good morning, gentlemen," said the agent as he reined in his lame steed, at the same time raising his hat with affable politeness. "So, it seems, you, too, are tired of the lumbering diligence."

"Yes," replied the foremost of the two men; "the diligence did not exactly suit our convenience, so we took horses."

"And you are bound to Chaumont?" asked Lafont.

"Yes, on important business."

"That is fortunate," said Lafont, with the utmost earnestness, "for you may, if you see fit, do me a great favor. I, too, have important business at Chaumont, but I fear that without assistance I shall not be able to accomplish it. I have, gentlemen, in my possession, a vast amount of valuable papers and intended to have continued on my way in the diligence, but at Nogent I received the intelligence that a plan was on foot to rob me."

"Do not start, gentlemen, for what I tell you is true. And for that reason I set off thus alone, but my horse has met with a sad mishap, and I fear the robbers, who, I think, are yet at Nogent, may overtake me. Now, if you are going directly to Chaumont, perhaps you would be willing to take my package in your charge and deliver it to M. Augient at his office. Any one there will tell you where he is. Then, if I am overhauled, the robbers will find nothing, and of course you will not be suspected. If you will thus accommodate me, you shall be suitably rewarded. What say you, gentlemen?"

The two men exchanged significant glances during these remarks, and after a moment's hesitation one of them said: "You seem to be ready in trusting strangers, sir."

"Oh, not at all, sir," retorted Lafont, with a frank smile, "I would much rather trust honest travelers than run the risk of meeting with robbers. You see just how I am situated, gentlemen, and if you will do me the favor I ask you shall not regret it. I shall stop at Arcio and change my horse and then follow you."

"Well," said one of the men, "we will do your wish and meet you at M. Augient's office."

"Then I thank you most heartily," said Lafont, and as he spoke he took a closely sealed packet from his bosom and handed it over. "In this," he said, "there are valuable papers, and I trust you will use all discretion in your care. Now the robbers may overhail me as soon as they like."

After some further directions, given in an honest, confiding manner, Lafont bade his new messengers goodbye, and ere long they were out of sight. The agent turned his horse's head back toward Nogent, where he arrived in safety, and on the next morning he procured a guard and once more took the diligence. The robbers stopped at the first convenient place to examine their prize, but their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found that they held only a securely bound parcel of waste paper. They knew that they were suspected, and of course they dared not push the matter further.

Dumas' Suffering.

When Alexandre Dumas, the younger, was just out of college, his father took him on a hunting trip. They put up at a farmhouse and occupied two little bedrooms which opened into each other. In the middle of the night the son was awakened and saw his father walking back and forth.

"What are you doing?" asked the boy.

"You see, I am walking."

"You are sick?"

"Yes, I am in great pain, but I am used to it. I have it every night."

"Is there nothing to cure it?"

"It is incurable."

"But can't it be relieved?"

"No. When it takes me, I get up and walk. If it is very bad, I go to reading."

"I go to work?"

It was true, and in later years his son often saw him in the night sitting at his desk writing with one hand and holding upon his stomach with the other.

"How can you work always?" some one asked him on such an occasion.

"I have nothing else to do," answered Dumas.—Youth's Companion.

A Famous Actress.

Mrs. John Drew says: "On Sept. 26, 1897, at the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, as the little Duke of York, in Shakespeare's play of 'Richard III.', and with Julius Brutus Booth, the great 'elder Booth,' the brother of the late Edwin Booth, as the crook back tyrant, I began my stage career, and as I have been continuously before the footlights ever since I have had a longer stage career than any of my contemporaries. Though so many years have passed, I remember my first performance as well as though it were last night. The performance of the elder Booth as Richard made a most powerful impression upon me. His dramatic force and magnetism were like a giant whirlwind, sweeping all before it. I have never seen any one else in that part who seemed to completely realize it. It seemed as though it had been written for him."

Origin of Football.

According to Stewart Culin, the curator of the Museum of Archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania, football originated with those beginners of everything, the Chinese. Mr. Culin has a curious and ancient drawing showing a personage in the dress of a prime minister playing football with a kuge, or noble, and two of their chamberlains. The time is somewhere in the tenth or eleventh century, but long before then the game was cultivated as an exercise suitable for the training of soldiers. About the eighth century it was introduced into Japan, where it became very popular. From these two countries it spread over the entire world.

THE PROCLAMATION.

WORKING UP SENTIMENTS APPROPRIATE TO THANKSGIVING.

A Rough Draft Goes the Rounds and Picks Up Additions In Ink of All Colors—Finally Engraved on Cream Colored, Gilt Edged Paper and Signed.

The concoction of that time honored document, the Thanksgiving proclamation, which sails forth annually as the impromptu expression of the national executive's religious gratitude, is the terror of the state department. Every year it is called upon to produce something new in that line, and its efforts to say the same thing in a different way, to avoid if possible verbatim copying of last year's letter, is one of the venerable jokes of the diplomatic greenroom.

About the first or second week of November, everybody knowing that the day falls on the last Thursday of that month, the chief clerk or some assistant secretary suggests that it is time to think about the "proclamation."

The chief clerk accordingly runs down the list of drafting clerks, ascertainment of Uncle Sam's servants is at the time basking in innocuous desuetude and dispatches to the delinquent by messenger an order to get up a draft for the proclamation.

This rouses the clerk from his lethargy. He rises to the situation with alacrity. His first inspiration is to turn out a paper different from its predecessors. The second arrests the divine affluents. What on earth can he say that has not been said?

He writes the word "whereas" and pauses. In despair, at length, he turns for help to the classics—that is, he consults what Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore have said in past years and makes that a groundwork for a draft. This embryo proclamation is then sent, through the chief clerk, to the assistant secretaries.

The first touch up the document receives is the insertion of a lot of capital H's for deification, which the clerk has forgotten in the throes of composition. Then an assistant secretary, finding it remiss in pious fervor, proceeds to insert piety with red ink marginal notes.

Thus the word, prayer is followed by "songs of praise," and "tribute of gratitude" is bracketed after worship. So long, so faithfully has this servant of the people discharged his self appointed task that he is known in office parlance as the "divine invocator."

Thus revised the draft proceeds to some other grand mogul of the diplomatic greenroom, who finds that now that the deity has been duly attended to something complimentary is due the nation at large. So carets, in blue pencil, insert "our prosperity and greatness," the "labors of our people" or "our marts of trade and traffic."

This tricolor draft is now handed around again and encounters an official in a new vein. His lunch did not agree with him. He is in a penitential mood. Seizing a pencil, he adds "that we have not been visited with swift punishment for our shortcomings."

Another handles the document and finds that it is too general, fails to identify the year, so he brings in a few master strokes in purple indelible potbooks alluding to the "deadly march of pestilence," "afflictive dispensation" and "fury of the elements."

The document now seems to meet the requirements. It is sent to an engrossing clerk, who proceeds to "fecit secundum artem," like a drug clerk making up a prescription. There are rules to be observed, rules as inviolable as those governing the Bank of England. A certain cream colored gilt edged paper is used. An elaborately ornamental title is flourished half way down the page in old German capital script announcing "A Proclamation by the President of the United States." The original whereas has met with many vicissitudes during the travels of the draft.

Restored to its proper dignity, the chief difficulty now is to disentangle the many colored insertions which crawl like caterpillars all over the sheet. By standing on his head, squinting on the bias or thumping his guessing bump to its utmost the engrossing clerk at last turns out a highly respectable and decorous looking document.

He submits it to the chief clerk. Meanwhile he waits in nervous suspense lest it be returned with a request for another copy or be disfigured by the insertion of more colored caterpillars.

If the engrossed copy is approved, it is taken to the White House. The executive may or may not read it. It's pretty safe to say he does not, but he never fails to sign it. With the president's signature it returns to the state department.

A lithograph copy is struck off and sent abroad to our ministers and consuls. The original is filed in the "Book of Credence," a somber, venerable volume exhalant an old time aroma from its yellow time stained pages, which preserves from the foundation of our glorious republic the proclamations of all our executives in exquisite script, for the typewriter, that cruel electrocutor of the epistolary art, has yet to deprecate the precious files of the state archives.

Before seeking its mausoleum, however, a typewritten copy of the Thanksgiving proclamation is given out to the press, and the millions of readers think what a very pious, God fearing man is the president.—New York World.

ECONOMICAL.

The Boston Transcript has heard of an economical man. He is a locksmith, and needing a sign he went to a sign painter and got an estimate for lettering. Then he nailed two locks to a board and asked the painter to paint after them the word "with." The Philadelphia Ledger suggests, however, that it would have been cheaper to have used only one lock and paid the painter for an "a."

FOR HIS BRAVERY.

How Edward, Prince of Wales, Won the Title of Black Prince.

In the summer of the year 1846 Edward III crossed the English channel with 80,000 men to invade France. At Crecy, not far from the Seine, he was met on the 26th of August by King Philip with 130,000.

While the French were coming on in great disorder there was a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied by a terrible storm, after which the sun came out brightly, shining directly in the faces of the French, but on the backs of the English.

The first charge was made by 15,000 Genoese bowmen, who came forward with a shout, as though to scare the English. The latter, who had been ordered to lie flat on the earth, now arose, stepped forward a pace and let go their arrows so fast that they seemed like blinding snow.

The Genoese fled, and the French king ordered them to be cut down, so that they would not hinder the rest of the army.

In the meantime Edward, the prince of Wales, who was in command of one division, was surrounded by French knights, who, recognizing his rank, determined to capture or kill him. A message was sent to the king telling him that the prince was hard pressed.

"Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" he asked.

"No, sire," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the king, "return to them that sent you and tell them to send no more to me as long as my son is alive. I command them to suffer the child to win his spurs, for this day should be his."

The young prince was indeed in great danger. At one time he was unhorsed and struck to the ground, but one of his Welsh knights, who carried the great dragon standard, threw it over him as he lay and stood upon it till the enemy was forced back.

Soon the tide of battle had turned for the English. Edward came down from a high hill overlooking the field and took his son in his arms and kissed him.

"You are my true son," he said.

"Rightly have you acquitted yourself and shown yourself to be a sovereign."

Young Edward on this occasion wore a suit of black armor, which contrasted with his crimson and gold surcoat and the brilliantly fair complexion of his round, boyish face that he was called from that time the Black Prince.—Boston Herald.

Business Competition.

Billboard competition runs pretty high nowadays in the metropolis. An owner of some down town property was awakened by the loud ringing of his doorbell recently in Harlem.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed. "Is the house on fire?"

"Somebody's dead," said his wife. In the meantime a servant was returning from answering the bell.

"Please, sir, there's two gents down stairs as wishes to see you," said the girl.

"See me? Why, it's 3 o'clock in the morning."

"Important business, they says, sir."

"Well, I should think it would be, waking a man up this time o' night. I'll have to go down, I suppose."

He quickly threw on some clothing and went below. Two "gents" awaited him in the hall.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for knocking you up at this hour, but I want to make you a proposition for billboards around the corner of your place on Blank street while you are rebuilding. Name your figures, including two theater tickets every night of the season."

"And, sir," began the other "gent," "my company would like to make you a proposition for the use of the walls that may remain standing after the fire."

"Fire! Fire! What are you talking about?" The old man was completely nonplused.

"Why, your place caught fire about two hours ago," said the first "gent."

"And is gutted by this time," added the second "gent."

"Of course you'll give me the refusal for billboards. Remember the two theater tickets!" yelled the first "gent" as the old man bolted for the stairs.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A High Calling.

Judge Sulzberger spoke a truth which is too often forgotten when he said, in a speech at the high school, that "there is not a teacher in the land that has a higher function than has the lowest teacher in the lowest class of the primary school. They have souls before them, and the faculties of those active, restless souls have all to be called forth."

In these few fitting words are embraced the whole scope and possibilities of education, and they make the primary teacher's calling in point of dignity and responsibility the peer of any vocation that concerns mankind.—Philadelphia Record.

Color and Warmth.

The color of one's clothing has considerable to do with one's comfort in summer or winter. When exposed to the sunlight, white, it is said, receives 100 degrees F.; pale straw color, 102; dark yellow, 140; light green, 155; dark green, 168; turkey red, 165; blue, 198, and black, 208. Assuming that this table is correct, the person who dresses in light colors during the summer has about double the protection from the heat that the man or woman in black has.—Lancaster Homeopathic Envoy.

Borgne, the name of a Louisiana lake, is a French word meaning "blind of one eye." The name was applied to the lake because of a wonderful monster said to have been seen in its waters.

Were it not for the multitude of storms that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

SAFER THAN STEALING SIGNS.

Students May Have Them Painted to Order in a New York Shop.

In a side street east of Broadway is a sign which reads: "Novelties In Sign Painting. College Work a Specialty." Not having in a four years' course learned what need colleges have for any considerable supply of signs, the writer entered the shop to make inquiry. The proprietor was a small German, and he had two assistants. In reply to a few questions he told the following facts:

"I started in the business of sign painting about five years ago. Before I had been at it long I had numerous calls from college students who wanted special signs painted. They were in the habit of decorating their rooms with such plunder as their signs, barbers' poles, advertising thermometers, etc., and some of them hit upon the idea of having special signs painted. Most of my business came from Columbia at first, but it soon spread to New Haven, Cambridge and Princeton, so that I now have two assistants."

"Of course cardboard are the cheapest signs, and the more ordinary kinds are made with stencils, such as 'Meals At All Hours' and 'Pay at the Desk.' Board signs, as 'Keep Off the Grass,' 'To Let,' are also stenciled and are consequently cheap. Hanging shop signs are dearer and have to be done by hand. I often have special orders, and some of the students have original ideas. For instance, there is a job for which I get \$25. This is to be a 5 cent lunchroom sign which is supposed to have been broken off from the post on which it was fixed. It is to be supplied with legs and converted into a card table, and probably the owner will many times be obliged to recount the daring way in which he eluded the police with his plunder. There is a good demand for barber poles. Beer signs I buy to order and simply make my commission."

"Another queer fad is that of express labels, so that I have a small job printing establishment. Many men, especially glee club members, like to have their dress suit cases plastered with labels, especially of western and southern roads, to create the impression that they have been great travelers. You can hardly see the leather on some of these cases. Of course this is all very foolish, but it is very profitable to me. A fool and his money are soon parted."—New York Tribune.

AN ARTIST'S INSPIRATION.

Unable to Draw a Picture Except in the Presence of a Certain Figure.

Walter Burridge, the artist, tells a good story on himself and proves it by showing the blank space on the wall where the picture, one of the accessories of the tale, used to hang.

He went one day to the studio of a friend and found there an anatomical figure, such as are to be seen in studios everywhere. It was a good one, and Burridge wanted it, for his own had been broken. He expressed a desire to have it, but the artist friend wouldn't give it up for any money. It was his inspiration, he said. He needed it even for drawing anything in the human figure without it, that was simply hopeless. He couldn't spare it.

So Burridge went away. But another day, while in the same studio and in the absence of the owner, a third artist, who commonly shared the place and worked there, said Burridge could have the model if he wanted it. The owner had concluded to get along without it.

And about an hour after the owner came back. He sat down and tried to draw a wagon. But he couldn't. He tried to write a letter that had long been overdue. But he could not get his thoughts together.

"Something is gone," said he. "I can't do anything. I have lost something."

"Maybe it is your brains," said the man who shared his room. "Burridge has been over."

"The figure," cried the artist. "That is it." And he started out. When he came back, he brought not only the figure, but a water color sketch as well. It had taken Burridge days to complete the picture, and it marked one of the pleasantest events in his sojourn along the grand canyon of the Colorado.

But it squared him.—Chicago Herald.

Other People's Bread.

In dreary Kamchatka the pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread food. Bread and butter to a young Kamchatkan is represented by dough of pine bark spread with seal fat, not a very appetizing combination to English notions. And not only the bark of the pine is thus utilized for food. The dwellers in certain parts of Siberia cut off the young and tender shoots and grind them down to form their flour. One imagines that the bread therefrom must have an unpleasantly resinous flavor.

In Iceland even the hardy pine is wanting, but the Icelanders declare that "a bountiful Providence sends him bread out of the very stones." He scrapes a lichen—the Iceland moss—off the rocks and grinds it into fine flour, which serves him both for bread and puddings, and also as a thickening for his broth. Thus, truly, has stern experience taught him to live where most would starve.—Chambers' Journal.

ECONOMICAL FUEL.

An economical fuel can be made as follows: Small coal, charcoal or sawdust, 1 part; clay or loam, 1 part; sand or ashes, 2 parts, with enough water to make the mass into stiff balls. These should be placed upon an ordinary fire to a height which is slightly above the bars. They produce a heat considerably more intense than that emitted by ordinary fuel, and effect a saving of one-half the ordinary quantity of coals, while a fire thus made up will require neither stirring nor fresh fuel for eight or ten hours.—New York Dispatch.

RUSSIA'S ARISTOCRACY.

It Embraces a Million Noblemen and Princesses Who Are Shopgirls.

Russia possesses 650,000 nobles without counting 350,000 whose titles are not hereditary. Among the Russian nobility there are many of foreign origin. The Russian social code recognizes four categories or estates (soslovia)—that is to say, nobles, priests, town dwellers and peasants. The character of their employment distinguishes these classes from one another. Each is dependent on the czar for all its privileges, and the emperor has absolute power to change the condition of his subjects from a high to a low estate. None of these classes possesses either a historical, a political or a social individuality.

The Russian aristocracy is deprived of political importance, and it cannot boast of such chivalrous qualities as distinguished the French nobles. For the present it lacks sufficient good sense or education to play any part in public life. Russian aristocrats all desire to be considered as direct descendants of the Boyars, merely because it is pleasant to be such, and thus get a position of social superiority. Their ambition goes no higher. The Boyars, like the feudal western landowners, are the descendants of the men who of old composed the Russian prince's army. The members of the Russian aristocracy have in great part retained their places at court, so that there can be encountered most of the old historic names. Children of both sexes inherit the titles of their parents.

The Russian aristocracy is distinguished by overweening pride and haughtiness, and at the same time there is often united to this, in a bizarre contrast, a certain snobbishness. Access to the circles of high society is very difficult. It is only possible to penetrate into them if well born and well connected. The Russians rarely abandon their titles, being too proud of them to quit them easily. A marriage between a poor gentleman and a rich stranger, or vice versa, is considered in this country as a shameful mesalliance, and the couple would not be received in the aristocratic salons of the capital. Tolstoi, as well as Prince Maschersky, director of the newspaper Grajdanine, has given in his novel very exact and graphic descriptions of Russian high life. But with all their innate pride the Russian gentry have never looked upon work as degrading. Thus, if need be, they will adopt with ease and without mauve honte any offices, any public careers. There is at St. Petersburg a prince who serves in the custom house, and many nobles and titled men become professors, schoolmasters, even actors. In a pastry cook shop at Moscow some princesses of high blood serve behind the counter. Others will become governesses, companions, housekeepers, telegraph clerks—in fact, will adopt any employment that may turn up.—Leisure Hour.

Goodhart's Joke.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Goodhart as she handed her husband his cup of coffee across the breakfast table, "I realize that we simply must economize, and I'm willing to do my part. I've thought of one way of economizing already."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Goodhart.

"Well, I'll tell you. I have a good sewing machine and plenty of time, and if you'll select the cloth I'll cut and make you that new pair of trousers you want my own self and save—why, Henry Goodhart, what is the matter with you? Mercy! The man is going into a fit. Here, Jane, bring some water! Go for the doctor, somebody! Help me to support him and keep him from falling out of his chair. What can the matter be? It looks like apoplexy. There! He breathes easier and has opened his eyes. Now, Henry, dear, what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing, only a sudden faintness. I'll get over it in a few minutes, and I—I was just joking when I said that we had to begin economizing somewhere, only joking, my dear."—Detroit Free Press.

Boadicea's Undiscovered Tomb.

Boadicea's tomb still remains undiscovered. Mr. Read of the British museum has had the trench dug several feet beyond the center of the tumulus on Parliament hill without having found anything to show for whom that particular burying mound was raised. So far the net result of the county council's quest has been a leaden musket ball and some chips of china, but both of these are modern jetsam. There are indications, though, that a portion of the ground was disturbed about a century ago.

For the rest the soil remains as it was in the beginning, heaped up, as there is no doubt was the case, for the purpose of interring some distinguished personage. It is not uncommon, it seems, even in undisturbed "barrows," to draw a blank, for the rain and the slow processes of nature completely destroy all vestiges of human remains that may have been buried in them.—London Telegraph.

A Cold Weather Veil.

A cold weather veil that is a good substitute for the flimsy illusion is one of the finest cobweb crapes. This material comes in various light shades of veiling and is much more becoming than net or tulle. These veils may be washed, if the thrifty wearer desire, in a light suds, made of clear water and a little castile soap. Don't rub the delicate stuff, but squeeze gently and rinse in clear water, to which a drop or two of white mullage have been added. Dry carefully pinned down on a pillow.

Keeping Pace With the Service. Patron (angrily)—Bring me some lunch.

Restaurant Waiter.—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir!

Patron.—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.—Chicago Record.

BERNHARDT AND SARDOU.

The Quarrel and Reconciliation of the Dramatist and Actress.

Speaking of Sardou and Bernhardt, the following story concerning the great French actress and the equally renowned playwright is vouched for by the correspondent of *The Courrier des Etats-Unis*:

The two who have achieved the greatest triumph in "Gismonda," M. Victorien Sardou and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, were at swords' points in the beginning. This dislike dated from "Daniel Rochet," which Sardou gave to the Comedie Francaise after his nomination to the French academy. Sarah Bernhardt expected that Sardou would select her to create the role of heroine in the play, but he chose Mlle. Bertet instead; hence the anger of Mme. Bernhardt. When the actress and the author met, the former passed on the other side; the latter pulled his hat down over his eyes. Each murmured something not at all complimentary to the other.

Then Sarah Bernhardt left the Comedie Francaise, went to America, where she made her first triumphal tour, and returned to France. Upon her arrival in Paris she entered into negotiations with Raymond Deslandes, manager of the Vaudeville. She asked nothing better than to play there. But what should she play? She did not wish to return to classical roles. She wanted an entirely new play, which should bring out all her qualities.

"There is only one man who can write the play you want," said Deslandes. "That man is Sardou."

"Sardou!" cried the actress. "Such a disposition, incapable of doing justice to an artist. Moreover, irritable, brutal, a man who runs up against everybody, who!"

"Very well," replied Deslandes, "let us say no more about it." He went to see Sardou and told him that he must have a play for Sarah Bernhardt.

"Sarah!" exclaimed the writer. "Sarah! Such a disposition! Crabbed, disagreeable, quarrelling with everybody, who!"

"Very well, very well, it is quite understood."

And three months after Sardou read "Fedora" to Sarah, who, radiant, threw herself on the author's neck in the presence of Deslandes.

"Ah! Deslandes," said Sardou, "what did I tell you? How gentle she is! How sweet! How adorable!"

"And he!" rejoined Bernhardt. "How amiable he is! How he appreciates real talent, and how obliging! Embrace me, Raymond!"

CAT ELECTRICITY.

Those Who Rely on It For Curative Purposes Can Get It In Other Ways.

The London Lancet says:

The electrical effect produced by rubbing a cat's back is of course well known. It is also well known that this is frictional electricity, or, perhaps more correctly, the electricity of contact; that it is a surface effect produced by the rubbing; that it does not point to pre-existing electricity stored in the body of the animal, and that the person who, having concluded a massage, sinks into a chair declaring that his exhaustion is consequent on the loss of "the living galvanism" which he has imparted to the patient is a charlatan.

It is to be remembered that friction between any dissimilar substances always produces electricity, and in illustration of this the electrical effect sometimes produced in a dry atmosphere when the hair is combed on the body quickly divested of a flannel jersey may be instanced, or the classic experiment of rubbing a stick of sealing wax on a rabbit's fur may be called to mind. Those who are accustomed to rely on the curative effect of stroking a cat's back may find consolation in the last named experiment, inasmuch as it teaches them that when their "feline favorite" is no more health and strength may still be secured by gentle friction on its skin.

Apart, however, from questions of electro-physiology, it is instructive to learn that the presence of white in the color of a cat, unless the animal be whole colored, is a sign of weakness.

Promotion.

"How's that boy o' yours gettin' along in the city, Josiah?" asked one farmer of another.

"He's workin' his way up right along."

"What's he doin'?"

"He's workin' for the city."

"You don't tell me! What's he doin' for it?"

"He's drivin' one o' them things they call a street sweeper—kind o' wipes up the road nights, you know. But, my, he's been promoted! Fust off he was workin' in the Twenty-fist ward. By an by he wrote me that he was workin' in the Eighteenth ward. Last week he writ that he was in the Twelfth ward now, an, I swan, you see if that feller don't fetch up in the Fust ward with his sweep cart yet!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Vandyke's Place in Art.

So far as portraiture goes, Vandyke occupies, with Titian and Velasquez, the first place. His works have an air of elegance and distinction and a mundane grace and courtliness naturally befitting his title of "painter to the king." The Italians called him "il pittore cavaliere." Without the stamina and natural robustness of his great master, Rubens, his portraits are better in point of refinement and grace. But one must know his master to form a just appreciation of his position.—*T. Cole in Century*.

A comparison of the maximum temperature in different parts of the world shows that the great desert of Africa is by far the hottest. This vast plain, which extends 2,600 miles from east to west and 1,000 from north to south, has a temperature of 150 degrees F. in the hottest days of summer.

Norwalk, Conn., is said to have an Indian origin, but there is an English village of this name.

A WANT.

I'm looking for some pretty girl,
Of modest, quiet mien,
Who dresses well, knows how to spell
And has a wit that's keen.

I want no fickle weather vane
That turns with every wind.
I think a blond would suit me best.
She must be well, refined.

She must be constant as a star—
No meteor would do—
And, like her own sweet little self,
Her grammar must be true.

Yet more, if she would be with me
(Excuse the slang) right "in it,"
She must be able to take down
One hundred words a minute.

—J. H. Doremann in Home and Country.

LINCOLN AND MCCLELLAN.

The Latter Was Kept in Command Because of Public Feeling.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville I visited the Army of the Potomac, its headquarters being then at Falmouth, in President Lincoln's company. We were detained en route by a storm and spent one night on board the steamer anchored in the Potomac. In the course of conversation that evening the president was communicative and in a confidential mood and discussed the military situation with much freedom. Speaking of McClellan he said, "I kept McClellan in command after I had expected that he would win victories simply because I knew that his dismissal would provoke popular indignation and shake the faith of the people in the final success of the war."

Very soon after the battle of Chancellorsville and before the battle of Gettysburg was fought the old rumor of McClellan's recall again got upon its legs, to the great consternation of many of Lincoln's friends in Washington. This report was more than usually vigorous and plausible. Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville and the blow which his military prestige had suffered in consequence gave public opinion a decidedly sharp flip. One evening, while this rumor was gaining strength, I chanced to be in the family sitting room at the White House, where the president, Mrs. Lincoln and several callers were assembled, when an indiscreet young lady directly attacked Lincoln with the extraordinary question:

"Mr. President, is McClellan going to be recalled to the command of the Army of the Potomac?"

The president good naturedly parried this home thrust, but gave no satisfactory answer. Afterward joining in the conversation, I intimated to the president that as he had not settled the matter there probably might be some ground for the general suspicion that McClellan would be recalled. Lincoln, who sat near me, put on a very severe look, and turning said in an undertone, "And you too?" I instantly recalled our conversation on the steamer and apologized for my lack of faith. He then added, "I see you remember the talk we had on the Carrie Martin."—*Noah Brooks in Century*.

Russian Justice.

General Van Wahl, chief constable of the police of St. Petersburg, when he was governor at Kiev, received a visit one day from a poor woman, widow of a police agent who had fallen a victim to duty. For a long time she had solicited the pension which was due her. The head of the police to whom she had addressed her demand paid no attention to her plea.

In her distress the widow went to the governor and told him her story. "Ah, yes, we'll see what can be done," said General Wahl. "Sit down there and write what I tell you," pointing to a writing table.

The widow took a seat and wrote from the governor's dictation a long supplication. "Now address it," he said, "and wait for me in the next room."

A few minutes later the woman was recalled, and the general gave into her hands a sealed letter, saying the while to her, "Take this letter to the head constable, take care not to open it, and come back to me as soon as you have a reply."

A week afterward the woman appeared at the palace again. Her pension had been granted, and she thanked the governor with joy.

"It is useless to thank me. I am nothing in the affair," said he, and immediately gave the following order:

"The head of the police at Kiev is dismissed from his post and sent into exile; the reason, because he granted a demand after receiving a sum of money for so doing."

General Wahl had, unknown to the woman, slipped into her letter a bank note for 25 rubles, which accounted for her supplication being granted.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Big Calculation in Water.

The ocean, sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 3,370,000,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover 36 cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were suddenly dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of flow, which, of course, they could not without ocean evaporation, it would take 3,500 years to refill the basin.—*St. Louis Republic*.

Puzzled.

"Answer by return mail" was the way the letter wound up that Miss Footlites received from Mr. Suddenrook.

"I wonder," said she, "whether he means by the messenger boy or by post."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

At the discovery of America maize was grown by the Indian tribes from Patagonia to Hudson bay. In Mexico and Peru its origin was attributed to the gods.

Elizabeth, N. J., was so called after the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Sir George Carteret.

The San Francisco Examiner

IS NOW OFFERING

The Finest and Most Valuable Art and Historical Work Yet Presented to the Public in the "Examiner's" Famous Coupon Series, Entitled

"EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN OF GALILEE."

RETRACED DURING THE YEAR 1894

WITH NOTE BOOK AND CAMERA

Five Hundred Original Photographic Views and Description of the Places Connected with the Life of Christ and His Apostles.

A Superb Religio-Educational Fine Art Series, to be issued in 24 parts.

This wholly unique and thoroughly "up-to-date" publication comprises the results of months of observation, involving

Three Separate Tours of the Holy Land.

The journeyings of the Son of Mary and His Apostles have been traced and gone over, the itinerary including not only all Biblical points of interest in Palestine, but also taking the reader to Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, and the Archipelagic Islands.

NO. 1.

This Coupon and 10 Cents Mailed or Delivered to the Examiner Office Good for One Part "EARTHLY FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAN OF GALILEE."

POSTAGE FREE

CHARACTER IN WINDOW SHADES.

They Tell Tales About the Inmates of the House, a Young Woman Says.

"I don't know anything about the front of a house that more clearly indicates the character and condition of the inmates than the window shades," said a young woman of observation. "If you see the shades all drawn down to precisely the same level in every window, you can tell at once that the house is occupied by a single family and that the mistress is of a severely orderly spirit. There'll not be a thing out of its accustomed place in that house, you can rest assured. If the shades of all the up stairs windows are drawn down to the top of the bottom sash, while those of the parlor are drawn clear down, you can safely judge the family of that house to be one of those essentially domestic ones that live mostly up stairs, where the bedroom is at once the wife's sewing room and the husband's library and where the parlor is only opened on state occasions. If the bedroom window blinds in the middle story are half way down while those on the top floor and of the parlor are away up, you won't be wrong in saying that that house is ruled by the young folks, who are going to have a flood of sunshine in their bedrooms even if it does fade out the matting and who are not going to have the parlor smelling like a dusty old church."

"The room with that one window blind run clear up to the top is occupied by a man, and if you see the window shades at different heights you take it for granted that they have let lodgings there or that the housekeeping is of a decidedly frisky character. One of the most unfailingly indicative shades is that which runs diagonally across the window, with one corner close under the roller and the other half way down the sash. The woman of that window is a slattern, and it's babies to bedkins that the growler is rarely empty there."

"These are, of course, only the broad indications of the character reading that may be done from the position and wag of the eyelids of a house, for I suppose it is not forcing a figure of speech to say that if the windows are the eyes of a house the shades are the lids and can be held primly straight or give a drunken wink."—*New York Sun*.

HUNTING PYTHONS IN NATAL.

Burn Forests and Dig Pits to Capture the Immense Reptiles.

The colony of Natal, South Africa, abounds in box constrictors and pythons. While they do not attack men they are especially destructive of cattle, sheep and oxen, and for this reason parties are formed by hunters and natives to burn the bush and forest in order to exterminate the pests. Some of the soldiers at Pietermaritzburg were recently informed by a party of neighboring Zulus of the whereabouts of a huge python that had been destroying their oxen.

The soldiers, with 200 natives, started off to capture the snake, and having located it the forest was fired for about a mile roundabout, an enormous pit having been previously dug in toward the center of the inclosed space. What with the burning brush and the shouts of the Kaffirs they soon drove the reptile toward the pit, where, closing in upon him, they forced him into it. The python proved to be of enormous size, being 32 feet long and 41 inches in circumference. It appeared to be quite stupid or dazed, having just eaten a young ox that had been led into the inclosure.

An enormous cage, with iron bars half way down the front, having been constructed, the snake was got out of the pit and taken to Maritzburg in the cage. Here it is kept on exhibition at the barracks, and it is fed twice a week two Kaffir goats at each meal. It will not eat anything that has been already killed for it, preferring to kill its food itself. The goats are thrust through a small door at the end of the cage alive, when, fixing its great eyes upon them, the snake suddenly lunges forward and crushes them in its powerful folds. After covering them with a thick slime almost an inch deep before swallowing, it flattens them out by squeezing them and then swallows them almost at a gulp. After this the python goes to sleep and does not awake until it is time to feed again.—*London Telegraph*.

I and You.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe tells a story in her autobiography which well illustrates that even to intelligent and forceful persons I is big and you very small: "At one of the pleasant gatherings at Mrs. Peter Taylor's, which will not be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be invited on her open evenings at Anley house, Miss Mary Carpenter remarked, 'It is a thousand pities that everybody will not join and give the whole of their minds to the great cause of the age, because if they would we should carry it undoubtedly.' 'What is the great cause of the age?' we simultaneously exclaimed. 'Parliamentary reform?' said our host, Mr. Peter Taylor; 'The abolition of slavery?' said Miss Redmond, a negress, Mrs. Taylor's companion; 'Teetotalism?' said another; 'Woman's suffrage?' said another; 'The conversion of the world to Theism?' said I. In the midst of the clamor Miss Carpenter looked serenely round. 'Why, the industrial school bill, of course.' No one enjoyed the joke, when we all began to laugh, more than the reformer herself."

Rings as Marks of Tree Growth.

Mr. James Stewart, one of the most intelligent horticulturists of the south, says in a note on the annual ring growth of trees that he knew a case of a tree 25 years old which, when cut down, exhibited 75 concentric rings. The name of the tree is not given.—*Mechan's Monthly*.

OUR TRIPLE PREMIUM OFFER

—NO. 1—

TRUE LIKENESS OF OUR SAVIOR

Elegantly framed in OAK; size 20x16 inches, with passe-partout, and one year's subscription for \$4.65.

—NO. 2—

County Map of IRELAND

Size 2½x4 feet; printed in twelve colors, embellished with portraits of IRISH HEROES. Free with one year's subscription (\$1.50) and 10 cents to cover postage and packing.

—NO. 3—

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size 17x14 inches, executed to order and satisfaction guaranteed together with three months' subscription for \$1.00

NOW FOR OUR WORKERS.

Everybody knows that the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is the favorite Catholic Weekly of the Pacific Slope. It is

easy to get subscribers for it but we don't want you to work unrequited. To any one who will send us the names of

Three Subscribers

Accompanied by \$4.50

to pay for their subscriptions we will present an imperial quarto volume of over four hundred pages, entitled

THE WORLD'S SWEETEST SONGS

The book is embellished with steel engravings of the world's famous cantitrics. We are not going to say much about this book but every one of your friends will want a copy of it. (Sent by mail postpaid to subscribers for \$2.50.) For

Five Subscribers

we have another gem—a presentation volume of prose and poetry entitled

BEAUTIFUL GEMS OF THOUGHT AND SENTIMENT

These are a selection of the most beautiful extracts in the English language, and the volume is a vast treasury of choice productions in

poetry and prose and song, from the literature and music of all ages. Its 660 pages are embellished with superb steel plate engravings.

Remit \$7.50 and send the names of five subscribers and the work will be at once forwarded to you. (Sold to Subscribers only at \$4.50.)

FOR TEN SUBSCRIBERS

When accompanied by \$15 is offered the gem of the series. us imagine a

Framed Water* Color Portrait

valued at \$20, which we will absolutely give you, for securing for us, not less than 10 annual subscribers. This is an offer that only needs a couple of hours work a day to obtain, and you have something that will last you a lifetime. The picture is incomparably beautiful. (Sold to Subscribers only for \$7.50.)

These are three chances of a lifetime, and will only be offered for a short time.

Prompt delivery of premiums guaranteed. Address all orders to the publisher

HENRY I. FISHER,

ROOM 10 MONTGOMERY BLOCK.